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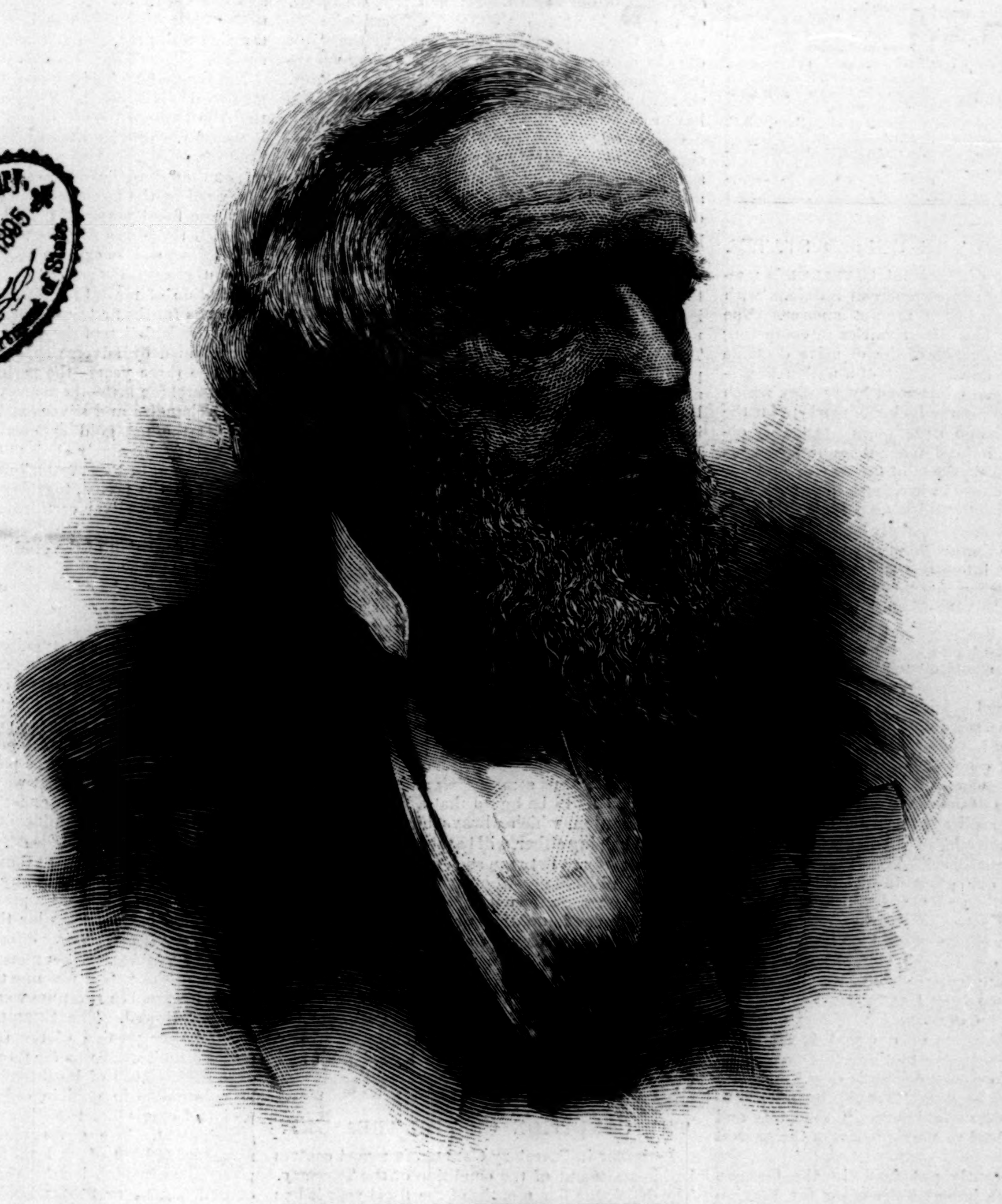

HON. ALLEN GRANBERY THURMAN.

DIED DECEMBER 12, 1895.

THE nickname of "the old Roman" that was applied to ex-Senator Thurman of late years had more appropriateness than such nicknames, especially of the eulogistic kind, are apt to have in our politics. There was something Roman in the combination his character exhibited of simplicity, geniality, and sagacity, and especially in his instinctive and almost unconscious devotion to "the Republic." "One of Plutarch's men," as Lowell so well said of Lincoln.

Like Lincoln, Thurman was reared on the frontier of civilization, almost in the wilderness. Born in Virginia in 1813, he was taken to Ohio when he was but five years old, and his career was coeval with the development of that commonwealth from a series of settlements in the backwoods to a great industrial community. In his early manhood the only avenues open to intellectual ambition were law and politics, which, indeed, were one avenue, and the only road to distinction. Young Thurman began to travel it early, since it was while serving as private secretary to the Governor of Ohio that he studied law.

His political career, indeed, did not begin until he had attained a high professional standing, although he was a member of Congress at thirty-one, and it was his professional standing that was recognized in 1851 by his election to be a Judge of the Supreme Court of Ohio. An excellent judge he is allowed on all hands to have been, one of the best that his State has ever had. After serving on the bench for five years he declined a renomination, as he had before declined a renomination for Congress, and resumed his practice. During the war, when to be an Ohio Democrat was much the same thing as to be a "copperhead," his position as a War Democrat was never brought into question. But in 1867 no Democrat could have been chosen Governor of Ohio, and Judge Thurman, who was the candidate of his party, was beaten by General Hayes, though the vote was so close as to constitute a great personal tribute to the candidate so heavily handicapped, and Hayes's majority was less than three thousand. Two years later the defeated candidate for Governor was sent by his party to the Senate to succeed Ben Wade. It was in the Senate-Chamber that his national career began.

Mr. Bayard was the only Senator capable of disputing with him the leadership of his party in the Senate, and there was nobody in that assemblage of lawyers to dispute it when the question was one of law. That he should be the chief representative of his party on the Judiciary Committee was a foregone conclusion, as also that the chairmanship of that committee should be assigned to him when his party acquired the control of the Senate. It was in that capacity that he rendered his best services to his country, and in this, so far as it was the unpartisan service of resisting attempts upon the public treasury, he was loyally aided by his close friend, the leading Republican lawyer of the Senate, and member of the Judiciary Committee also, "Judge" Edmunds. Together they secured the passage of the "Thurman act," enforcing the obligations of the Pacific roads to the government, the most signal victory won in our time in a pitched battle between the people of the United States and those who wished to despoil them.

After Judge Thurman's retirement from the Senate, his only emergence from privacy was his unsuccessful candidacy for the Vice-Presidency in 1888. But his service in the Senate sufficed to earn for him the admiring gratitude not only of Democrats, but of all his countrymen.

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GERMANY AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE utterances of President CLEVELAND'S message touching our commercial relations with Germany have elicited a prompt answer. The President said: "The close rivalries of competing industries; the influence of the delusive doctrine that the internal development of a nation is promoted and its wealth increased by a policy which in undertaking to reserve its home markets for the exclusive use of its own producers necessarily obstructs their sales in foreign countries and prevents free access to the products of the world; and our own nation's tardiness in inviting a freer exchange of commodities, and by this means imperilling our footing in the external markets naturally open to us—have created a situation somewhat injurious to American export interests, not only in Germany, where they are perhaps most noticeable, but in adjacent countries." The President thus justly describes the effect which a protective policy such as ours has been naturally produces upon international trade. He then states our complaint against the protective policy of Germany thus: "The exports affected are largely American cattle and other food products, the reason assigned for unfavorable discrimination being that their consumption is deleterious to the public health. This is all the more irritating in view of the fact that no European state is as jealous of the excellence and wholesomeness of its food supplies as the United States, nor so easily able, on account of inherent soundness, to guarantee those qualities." Then follows a further complaint that our great insurance companies, which have "built up a vast business abroad, and invested a large share of their gains in foreign countries in compliance with the local laws and regulations then existing," have been burdened "with new and unforeseen conditions," and compelled to withdraw from Germany. He then observes that "if an examination of the situation suggests such measures on our part as would involve restrictions similar to those from which we suffer, the way to such a course is easy." Such a course, however, he adds, "should by no means be lightly entered upon, because it naturally and logically might lead to consequences of the gravest character."

The reply recently put forth in the German Reichstag by the imperial Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Baron MARSCHALL VON BIEBERSTEIN, started out with a countercharge. The American Congress, he said, had some time ago adopted a differential duty on sugar heavily burdening the German exporter; Germany had protested against this differential duty as being in violation of existing treaties, and President CLEVELAND had loyally done all he could to obtain from Congress the repeal of the differential duty, but in vain. The charges made in the President's message, he contended, were without foundation. The Texas fever had been found to prevail among a cargo of American cattle imported into Germany, and it had thus become necessary to prohibit the importation of American meat products for the protection of the public health. The same restrictions had been adopted with regard to importations from other countries. As to the revocation of the licenses of certain American insurance companies, he said, those companies had refused to conform to the laws, which were the same for German companies. If the American concerns were willing to comply with those laws, there would be nothing to prevent the reopening of their business. The German government was always ready to discuss questions of commercial policy with so great and friendly a power as the United States in the most amicable spirit, but it could not permit itself to be deterred by threats from regulating its home affairs as it thought best in the interest of its own country.

This looks very like the joining of an issue—one of those issues that are apt to arise between countries governed by the narrow-mindedness inherent to the policy of high protection, as this country was until recently, and as Germany is now. And when such issues arise it is usually the case that each of the parties concerned is, as to the charges made, partly right and partly wrong. When Germany presented her protest against the differential duty on sugar, it was the opinion, frankly expressed, of our State Department, and, we think, of the President too, that the differential duty was, as Germany contended, adverse to the spirit of existing treaty provisions. And, unless we are greatly mistaken, that opinion was then, and is now, shared by an overwhelming majority of those who have candidly examined into the question.

On the other hand, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs can hardly expect well-informed persons to believe that the appearance of Texas fever in a single ship-load of American cattle has been the only or the decisive reason for obstructing the importation of all American meat products into Germany. It can hardly be regarded as anything more than a mere pretext, and a comparatively flimsy one, for a very sweeping measure. The fact is that in Germany, as in other countries, agriculture has ceased to be as profitable as it once was. This is felt by the small agriculturist, who does his principal work himself with the aid of his family, as well as by those who carry on agriculture on a larger scale with all the modern improvements and in a commercial spirit, very much less than by the landed nobility and gentry, who, going on in the old way, find that they cannot now drink as much champagne, keep as many fancy horses, and appear in as great style as they formerly could. Forming a strong party, they raise a formidable cry of distress, and devise schemes "for the relief of agriculture," some of which, in point of daring absurdness, would make the extremest of our Populists turn pale with envy. The government, unwilling to countenance these schemes, and yet desirous of propitiating a class of people traditionally belonging to the Conservative party, finds that it must "do something for agriculture," and groping somewhat blindly about, finds the obstruction of the importation of American meat products easiest to hand, and also in the Texas-fever story a welcome pretext.

There being thus some wrong and some right on each side, it is to be hoped that a war of commercial retaliation, which always hurts both parties without helping either, will be the last thing thought of as a remedy. Between such nations as Germany and the United States, who have, aside from this difference, no reason for not being the closest friends, a candid discussion of the issue will surely evolve a plan of mutual concession satisfactory to both parties. As the President's message wisely puts it: "In our dealings with other nations we ought to be open-handed and scrupulously fair. This should be our policy as a producing nation, and it plainly becomes us as a people who love generosity and the moral aspects of national good faith and reciprocal forbearance."

THE CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

INTEREST in Secretary CARLISLE'S report centres in his statement of the condition of the Treasury. The deficit for five months of the fiscal year is less than $16,000,000. From this time on the Secretary expects the revenues to very nearly meet the expenditures, and he estimates the deficiency for the fiscal year at $17,000,000. With a continuance of prosperity, he estimates a surplus in the fiscal year 1897 of $7,000,000. The credit due to these estimates is not impaired by the fact that the Secretary's estimates for last year and thus far this year were not realized. The chief reason that the revenues fell below the estimates was that the Supreme Court declared the income tax unconstitutional, an event that the Secretary could not have anticipated. A subordinate reason was that the internal revenue fell short of expectations, because much of the increased tax was avoided by the withdrawal of spirits before the increase went into effect, and the continuance of hard times restricted the use of spirits, beer, and tobacco. The internal revenue is a very steady source of income; it has increased largely this year, and has nearly reached its normal point. The customs revenue has increased irregularly, but with prosperous business it must exceed the figures to which it attained in the last fiscal year, which were $20,000,000 above those of the year before.

With a probable deficiency this year of $17,000,000, to be followed next year by a surplus, the Treasury had at its command, December 1st, $98,000,000, besides the gold held for the redemption of the legal-tender notes, or $77,000,000 beyond the gold reserve, were that fund raised to the customary $100,000,000 by the exchange of notes now in the Treasury. The only financial legislation that is talked about among the Republican majority of the House is some measure for increasing taxation. No government ever increased taxation under such circumstances. The amount of funds in the Treasury now, after deducting $100,000,000, is greater than the deficit of 1894, and nearly twice as great as the deficit of 1895. It is about four times the probable deficit of 1896. If taxation shall be increased under these circumstances it will be because the taxation is desired, and not because the revenue is needed.

But the pretext for increased taxation is that the gold reserve is depleted. Secretary CARLISLE shows that the increased revenue is not needed, and that it would not provide an increased supply of gold. That the depletion of the gold reserve is due to other causes than the deficient revenue is quite sufficiently proved by the fact cited by the Secretary that in the three fiscal years 1891, 1892, and 1893, in each of which there was surplus revenue, and in all of which there was an excess of $39,000,000 in the revenues, there was drawn out of the Treasury by the redemption of notes $117,000,000, and the gold reserve was for the first time reduced below $100,000,000. The depletion of the gold reserve cannot even be explained by adverse balances of trade, for in the same three years—the period of the SHERMAN silver-purchase law—there accrued to us a balance on merchandise and silver exports of $258,000,000, and yet the net gold exports were $156,000,000. This sum is singularly close to $170,000,000, which is the amount of "SHERMAN" notes outstanding at the end of the period, together with the increase of outstanding silver certificates during the three years.

As the depletion of the gold reserve preceded the deficiency in the revenue, it was not the result of it, and it would not be cured by an excess of revenue. As none of the revenue is now nor has for some time been paid in gold, there is no reason to suppose that any of it would be paid in gold were the revenue twice as large. It is pretended that the Secretary could obtain gold in exchange for notes if he had enough of them; but he has enough of them now, and he cannot get gold in exchange for them. Some years ago, when gold was not demanded from the Treasury, it was possible for the Secretary to obtain gold in that way. But his present efforts to secure gold in exchange for notes have been attended by insignificant results, except in the case of the loan syndicate, which last summer deposited $16,000,000 in exchange for notes. The gold cannot be obtained in any considerable quantities for notes, except at a premium, and a premium on gold is the particular thing which the government must make every effort to avert.

The BLAND-ALLISON act merely diverted a certain portion of the public revenue to a useless purpose, but so long as the revenues were ample, no serious results followed. The SHERMAN law diverted a much larger portion of the revenue to a useless purpose, and, what was far more serious, it created over $150,000,000 of legal-tender notes that had to be redeemable in gold in order to maintain that parity of currencies to which the act pledged the government. The government has outstanding now $500,000,000 of its legal-tender notes, for the protection of which it must provide a gold reserve of $125,000,000 or $150,000,000, with the absolute certainty that that reserve can be and will be maintained. Additional revenue will not provide gold, and other money is useless for this specific purpose. Unless the country is willing to establish and maintain such a reserve, it must provide some means of redeeming and retiring its promissory notes. The argument of Secretary CARLISLE for the retirement of the notes is conclusive, and though it will evoke panegyrics upon the "battle-born and blood-stained greenback," its facts and figures cannot be disposed of by appeals to prejudice, ignorance, or passion.

The Secretary proposes the issue of gold bonds to be sold here for legal tenders to be cancelled, or sold abroad for gold to be used in redeeming legal tenders to be cancelled. Thus he expects to introduce gold into the circulation to replace the legal tenders. He also proposes to oblige the national banks to redeem their notes in gold, and thus add something further to the metallic part of the currency. But these measures will not accomplish much, for the people do not like to handle coin. To reduce the tax on circulation, and allow circulating notes to be issued up to the par value of the bonds deposited, would lead to a very moderate expansion of national bank circulation. The contraction of this circulation is due to the fact that money could be more profitably invested than in government bonds even with the right of circulation, and the Secretary's recommendations would not greatly change the conditions. The national bank system was devised in war to induce the banks to lend their capital to the government; it is now desired that they should lend to their customers. The best judgment of American bankers is that this can be effected, and yet provide ample security for circulating notes. The administration does not couple its recommendation for the withdrawal of greenbacks with the plan it recommended last year for extending the bank circulation. It may be that opposition to the latter would have re-enforced the opposition to the former, but, on the other hand, there are those who would be more likely to agree to the retirement of the greenbacks if they were told what would take their place.

THE ELIMINATION OF SECTIONALISM.

THE present national administration has met the fate, so common in our political history, of losing the support of Congress midway in its term. The popular revolution against the party threatens to deprive it also of the Executive department at the next Presidential election. In that case the two years 1893-5 will constitute the only period during which Democracy exercised absolute control of the government from 1859 until the end of the century.

Taking this result for granted, some Republicans are already saying that no permanent record will remain of this brief era of Democratic rule. History, they say, will note that the party for two years controlled Presidency, Senate, and House, so that it might do what it chose, but it did nothing that left an enduring mark. This hasty view, however, overlooks one monumental achievement due to this Democratic control—the elimination of the sectional issue from our politics.

The chief measures of the Fifty-third Congress were the repeal of the silver-purchase act, the passage of a bill imposing lower duties, and the repeal of the Federal election laws. The first would have been inevitable if the Republicans had retained power. Even before the election of 1892 they had ceased to "point with pride" to the silver law upon which they plumed themselves in 1890, and their wisest leaders foresaw that it must be repealed. The tariff act of 1894 marked a new departure in such legislation, but its passage did not remove the tariff issue.

The other great act of the last Congress, however, was distinctively Democratic in character, while its effect will be permanent. The repeal of the Federal election laws was a thing impossible for the Republicans, while they have no disposition to undo it. It is consequently the one achievement of a Democratic administration which is sure to have lasting consequences that could not have come from a Republican.

Laws empowering the Federal government to exercise control over elections in the States, with the design of using this power chiefly in the South, were a natural outgrowth of the reconstruction legislation. Such laws gratified the disposition of Republican leaders to widen the province of national authority. Ostensibly designed and openly urged as measures for the protection of the negro in the exercise of his suffrage, they appealed strongly to that earnest sentiment in the North which regarded the former slave as still "the ward of the nation." Promising advantage to the Republican party, they were favored by the "practical politicians," who waste no time over theories of government, and are not swayed by motives of sentiment, but always endorse any policy that offers an easy way of carrying elections.

That the Republicans should pass Federal election laws, and constantly try to make these laws more rigorous, was almost as inevitable as that they should earlier have emancipated the slave and enfranchised the freedman. Such representative leaders as GEORGE F. HOAR in the Senate and BENJAMIN HARRISON in the Presidency urged that "the mission of the Republican party" required the enactment of stricter Federal election laws twenty-five years after the passage of the reconstruction acts. One generation of politicians made desperate attempts to pass a "force bill" after the repudiation of the party by the nation in the middle of GRANT's last term; another generation attempted the same thing under similar circumstances sixteen years later. Happily for the country, each set failed, but the purpose was not abandoned. Even after the second reverse the policy was again incorporated as an article of faith in the national platform of 1892.

The Democrats had from the first opposed the very idea of Federal election laws. They easily showed that such legislation violated their traditional theory as to the proper province of the national government. They clearly demonstrated that local sentiment had never sustained the existing statutes, so that prosecutions seldom accomplished more than the harassing of those who were indicted. They convincingly argued that the only effect of a "force bill" would be to irritate and embitter the whites of the South, without in the slightest degree helping the blacks.

As time went on, all candid observers became convinced of the folly and harm of this sectional policy. The most sensible and far-sighted white Republicans in the South protested against a course which rendered it easy for the Democrats to keep the section solid, and impossible for themselves to organize an effective opposition. The best friends and wisest counsellors of the negro, like the late General ARMSTRONG of Hampton Institute, condemned the scheme as the worst obstacle to the progress of the race that could be devised. But the Republican party was too strongly committed to the policy to drop it.

The Democratic victory of 1892 solved the problem by enabling the party to wipe the objectionable laws from the statute-book. Their repeal has already commanded the approval of the whole country. The removal of the "force bill" issue within a year worked a most beneficial change in political conditions. The Republicans won victories, shortly after repeal was carried, in West Virginia, Tennessee, and Missouri, for the first time in many years, while a fusion movement of which they were the most important element defeated the Democrats in North Carolina. This year the Republicans have won equally significant successes in Maryland and Kentucky. Throughout the South the old race line is evidently disappearing. The bugbear of "negro domination" no longer frightens disagreeing whites into an uncongenial union. The solidity of the section is shattered beyond repair.

So thoroughly are the advantages of the change appreciated that its permanence is assured. No Northern Republican of the slightest prominence now advocates the restoration of the old laws. No Southern Democrat of the slightest intelligence fears the passage of a "force bill" as a sequel to Republican victory next year. This elimination of the sectional issue is an achievement of the brief Democratic rule that will endure, and that will benefit both parties and both races.

LUDLOW STREET JAIL AND ITS NEW WARDEN.

THE trial of Sheriff TAMSEN for the alleged misdemeanor of allowing three Federal prisoners to escape from Ludlow Street Jail has disclosed some remarkable methods of prison management that have been practised till very recently in the institution in question. It has been the custom, it appears, to grant special privileges, for a monetary consideration, to prisoners confined there. The pretext was that the prisoners who were able and who so desired paid the warden of the jail a stipulated sum for board, but the fact appears to have been that the prisoner received, in addition to board, privileges that were proportionate to the amount he was willing or able to pay. Boss TWEED and the "young NAPOLEON of finance," IVES, for example, were housed there rather as distinguished guests than as prisoners, and the same is true of many less noted offenders. The natural result of such a system was that the *esprit de corps* of the jail sank to a very low ebb, and that the position of warden was accounted one of the "fat" places of the political spoils system that so long prevailed in New York. The place was said to be worth about $30,000 annually to its holder.

Under such circumstances it might have been expected that a "reform" sheriff would make an early effort to correct the patent abuses that even a cursory examination of the institution would have revealed. But Sheriff TAMSEN appears to have been very slow indeed to avail himself of the opportunity. He appointed a warden who continued the old method of mismanagement, and whose régime came to a most inglorious culmination with the escape of the three Federal prisoners already referred to.

The warden who thus signally demonstrated his unfitness for the position was succeeded by another, who appears to have been no great improvement, and whose career in that capacity presents but a single gratifying feature—brevity. In his third attempt, however, Sheriff TAMSEN has found a man who bids fair to give a very different account of himself. Mr. WILLIAM J. ROE, the newly appointed warden, is a man of antecedents and of parts. He possesses very unusual qualifications of business training, of general culture, and of special scholarship that ought to redound to the interest of the service he has undertaken. There is every reason to hope that under his management the Ludlow Street Jail, for the first time in many years, will be conducted creditably. Whatever may be said of Sheriff TAMSEN's previous appointments, he is to be congratulated on his selection of Warden ROE.

JEFFERSON BRICKS IN CONGRESS.

IT is not without significance that the two representatives of Massachusetts who have been making such an extraordinary pother in the House about our ambassador to England should be "connected with the press." There is, indeed, we have to confess, something excessively "journalistic" in an attempt to impeach an ambassador of high crimes and misdemeanors upon the authority of a clipping from a newspaper. A few years ago there was a country editor in the Legislature of Ohio who made himself a well-spring of delight by carrying the habits of his "sanctum" into the legislative halls. He had been accustomed, whenever he observed anything of which he disapproved in a matter of public interest, to write an "editorial" about it. He kept up this practice at the State capital, except that he gave his editorials a statutory form, and proposed to have them enacted as laws of the State of Ohio. The result was a very grotesque and amusing collection of projects of law.

This is precisely what the cheerful representatives of Massachusetts have been doing in a more conspicuous way. The resolution of Mr. McCALL, demanding of the President to verify or refute the statement that Mr. McCALL "clips from an exchange," and further demanding of him to know what he is going to do about it if it be true, is simply Mr. McCALL's "editorial" on Mr. BAYARD's speeches in England. Mr. BARRETT's impeachment of the ambassador of high crimes and misdemeanors is Mr. BARRETT's editorial comment upon the same incident, and the difference in form indicates only that Mr. BARRETT's editorial style is more ambitious and inflated than that of Mr. McCALL. Either of them is as irrelevant to legislation as the speeches which formed their texts were to diplomacy.

For it must be admitted that the speeches in question would be held, in any diplomatic service, to constitute an indiscretion. It is true that the address at Edinburgh, the report of which was incorporated in his "editorial" by Mr. BARRETT, was an academic and philosophical discussion, into which the recent political history of the United States was introduced merely by way of illustration. The illustration was as apposite as the address was interesting and suggestive; but the employment of it was nevertheless a violation of diplomatic propriety. One of the primary duties of an ambassador is to represent his country as a unit, and to ignore, in his official conduct and in any language that he may use in public, the differences and controversies of its domestic politics. It is evident that in no other way can there be established the permanent and unpartisan diplomatic and consular service which Great Britain already possesses, and which we ourselves urgently need. A resolution of inquiry, and even by implication of censure, might be expected of a House of which the majority are of the party assailed by an ambassador in the country to which he is accredited, and would not be unreasonable. Much such a resolution was that which finally passed the House, without a division, and after the editorials had been deprived of their journalistic quality. But when one of the journalists declares that Mr. BAYARD's conduct is "in absolute disregard of the dignity of the American people," he provokes the question whether the dignity of the American people has taken more detriment from the speeches of Mr. BAYARD in Great Britain, or from the "editorials" of the Jefferson Bricks in the House of Representatives.

TWO TRAVELLERS IN ARMENIA.

AT the present crisis in Turkey, it is well to call to mind the situation immediately preceding it. As soon as the Berlin Treaty was signed, the Armenians looked anxiously for the promised reforms, while the Turks realized with increasing clearness that these same reforms involved most serious dangers to their own government. The delay in the enforcement of the treaty emboldened the Turks, and disheartened the Armenians. Another disturbing element was the presence in the empire of men, chiefly Russian-Armenians, who preached everywhere the policy of insurrection as the only means of forcing the powers to act. The extent to which they succeeded in stirring actual revolution has been grossly exaggerated by the Turkish government, but they certainly did much to create a general feeling of uneasiness which made the tension between Turks and Armenians almost unendurable, and threatened to result at any moment in open conflict.

In the recent work of Mr. WEEKS, *From the Black Sea through Perma and India*, this state of affairs is alluded to in the first part of the volume, and at the moment when Mr. CHILD and Mr. WEEKS set out on their journey through Armenia the political atmosphere seemed heavy with the gathering storm. They were detained in the city of Erzeroum by the discovery of an error in their dragoman's passport.

The fact that this dragoman was an Armenian from Constantinople furnished the Vali with a sufficient pretext for refusing his signature, and it was only by a successful piece of diplomacy that the two travellers finally obtained a new passport for him. Erzeroum being a fortified stronghold within a short distance of both the Persian and the Russian boundaries, all strangers were at that moment regarded with suspicion, particularly as the Turkish authorities were then on the lookout for parties engaged in smuggling arms across the frontier.

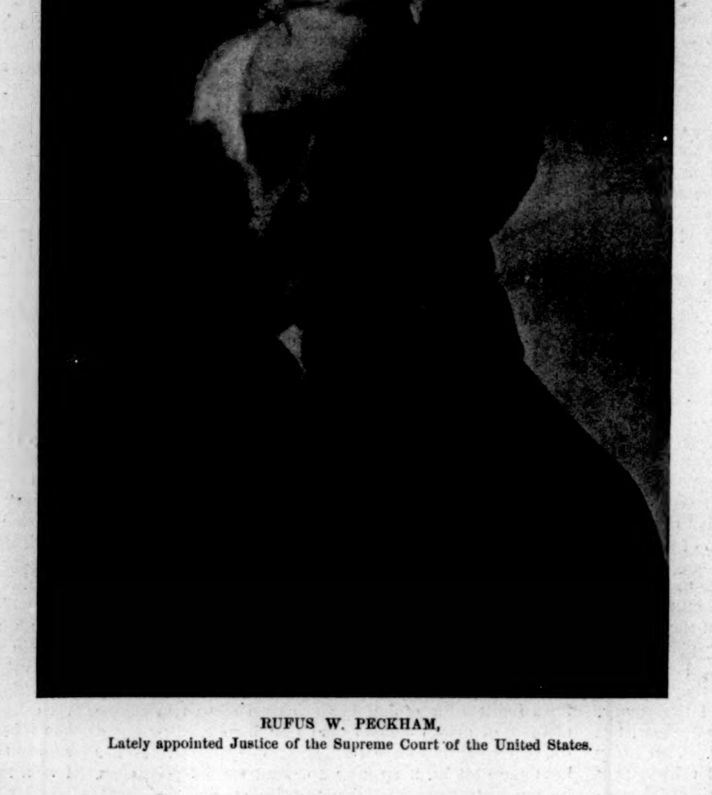
In a recent conversation Mr. WEEKS alluded to these matters, and spoke of the state of fear and anxiety which prevailed among the Armenians of Erzeroum. The travellers had made the acquaintance of a young man belonging to a prominent Armenian family of that city during the journey from Trebizond. Upon arrival at Erzeroum they were invited to his father's home, and were shown with great mystery and secrecy one or two old books in their native tongue, treating of the antiquities of the city, and illustrated by rude wood-cuts. Even these books were proscribed by the Turkish government, and were kept hidden away, to be shown only to those in whom they had confidence. Many more instances of a similar character were cited. But in this, as in every question in which the wily Moslem plays a part, there are many phases, and experience teaches the diplomat to put his faith neither in princes nor in their subjects, to believe nothing but what his eyes have seen, and that with reservation; for the astute Mussulman has more than once proved himself a match for Frankish diplomacy.

When the whole truth is known, many years hence, it will appear that not merely ABDUL HAMID and his Kurdish allies on the one hand, and the Armenian revolutionists on the other, but the proudest nations of Christendom had a share in the responsibility for a series of massacres unsurpassed in the world's history.

JUSTICE PECKHAM, OF THE SUPREME COURT.

THE Senate has confirmed, without opposition, the nomination of Rufus W. Peckham, of Albany, as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and he is expected to take his seat at the beginning of 1896 upon the bench which for one hundred and six years has been the goal of ambition for the legal profession. No political conflict or popular excitement has been connected with his accession to this high office; yet the office itself, by its essential dignity, its permanent tenure, and its actual power, is second to none in the republic. There is no other which has been more worthily held throughout our history; none which it more concerns the whole nation to fill worthily at all times.

Mr. Peckham was born in Albany, November 8, 1838, and bears the full name of his father, who for many years was one of the most eminent jurists of the State of New York. Indeed, the parallelism between the careers of the father and the son is striking, and has few precedents. Each of them practised law under the firm name of Peckham & Tremaine in Albany; each began his public life as District Attorney for Albany County, but was made at an early age justice of the Supreme Court of the State, and after a few years of service, in which his judicial character and abilities rapidly obtained general recognition, was promoted to a seat in the Court of Appeals of New York. Each of them, too, adorned this august tribunal by his learning, his impartiality, and his intellectual force, and won the entire confidence of the bar and of the public. But here the parallel ends. In November, 1873, Rufus W. Peckham, Senior, sailed from New York for France, in the steamship *Ville de Havre*. On the 23d of the month the vessel collided in mid-ocean with the ship *Loch Earn*, and in sixteen minutes went down. Only one-fourth of the passengers were saved, but these had nothing to relate of that awful scene more memorable than the heroism of the old judge, as he went down with the ship, inspiring his fellows with courage to meet their fate.



RUFUS W. PECKHAM,
Lately appointed Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

This incident reveals a characteristic of both the father and the son. Each of them has always been noted for his intrepidity. In early youth Rufus W. Peckham, Junior, was devoted to manly sports. Long before he became an earnest student of books he was an accomplished horseman, a bold swimmer, a formidable ball-player, an eager competitor in every game of strength and dexterity. When his purpose was formed, in jest or earnest, he seemed insensible to danger in its pursuit. His old comrades are fond of illustrating this trait by stories of boyish freaks, in which they may be suspected of trying to pay off some old score; for this sober judge has been guilty of practical jokes in his time.

When others were excited he was cool, self-possessed, and deliberate. His courage rose with peril, and his prompt judgment and energetic action in emergencies are still remembered with delight by the surviving associates of his early manhood.

Mr. Peckham's education in boyhood was that given by the private schools and the Academy of Albany, and at an age below that of most Freshmen in our colleges he began the study of his profession in his father's office and in the Albany Law School. At twenty-one he was admitted to the bar, and began practice as a member of his father's firm. For some years his culture and tastes seemed to incline rather to observation, to society, and to practical life than to scholarship and reflection. He travelled long in Europe, and studied men, governments, and industries more than books. But after a very few years of experience he became keenly alive to the value and power of the principles on which the science of law rests, and devoted himself to the acquisition of their history and the investigation of their philosophy. These inquiries rapidly widened the scope of his mental activity, and he has made himself familiar with the leading problems of social and political economy, and with an extensive literature of these and kindred subjects. His strong personal characteristics—independence, self-reliance, persistence, directness of purpose—together with his breadth of view and his extensive learning in branches of knowledge which illustrate the law, are exhibited in his style as a writer. His opinions upon the bench of the Court of Appeals are marked by their clear and strong logical march, by their distinctness, and by their command of the bearings and tendencies of the rulings in hand in their relation to the whole system of law. His language on the bench lacks nothing in precision or in force, yet it is thought to be excelled by the variety and vigor of his vocabulary in conversation.

Judge Peckham is esteemed by all who know him for his moral as well as physical courage, for his fidelity to principle, and for his judicial impartiality. A Democrat in creed and in party associations, he has never been suspected, even by political adversaries, of sacrificing the integrity of the bench to partisan prejudice or interest. His personal presence is dignified, imposing, and attractive, and his prematurely white hair makes his tall form seem peculiarly venerable. In social life he is courtly and affable; in conversation, full at once of thoughtfulness, of information, and of wit. In early life he married Miss Arnold, daughter of an eminent merchant of this city, and his two sons are both members of the legal profession in this State. His older and only brother, Wheeler H. Peckham, is one of the most eminent members of the New York bar, and would to-day be sitting on the Supreme Bench of the nation but that the wise choice of the President, supported by the best public opinion of the whole country, was defeated two years ago by the intrigues of one of the two petty and spiteful politicians who misrepresent this State in the Senate of the United States.

PETER CONLIN,
New York's new Chief of Police.

PETER CONLIN, NEW YORK'S NEW CHIEF OF POLICE.

THE Police Commissioners of New York city, in the first week of December, appointed Peter Conlin, a gentle, mild-spoken man, who had been filling the office temporarily, Chief of Police. He was known as an honest man and a good policeman. He had been on the force since 1869, and had risen step by step, by mere force of merit, until he had become acting chief. He finally attained the highest honor on the force without the aid of a political pull. Himself a Democrat, Mr. Roosevelt, a Republican commissioner, moved his appointment, and took much satisfaction in doing so, because no better illustration could be given of the fact that the police force of New York is now absolutely divorced from politics.

When this retiring man received this honor—for such it is—he astonished his friends, and enemies too (for no man of Peter Conlin's temperament and character could be without enemies as a police official), by writing in his examination paper that he would deal with mobs with "grape and canister." Then all who knew this officer remembered that essentially he was a military man, that he had been wounded in the civil war, and that he had given proof of his bravery as a policeman. They remembered that he had passed through the Lexow investigation absolutely unsmirched, and that Dr. Parkhurst could finally shake hands with the executive head of the Police Department of New York city and compliment him, and that the famous preacher had done so. They remembered that he had taken charge of the police force when it was disorganized, crippled for lack of officers and men, when a large territory had been added to the city, and had brought order out of the turmoil. They remembered that, although modest and unassuming, he had that great gift for a leader of inspiring the men under his direction. Then the appointment under the new régime was not so strange.

For five months the new Police Commissioners struggled with the problem of securing a proper head to the department. As they will admit, they watched every move Conlin made. They began to respect him, and finally to admire him. As one of them said to the writer. "We studied him and his methods day and night. His zeal, his honesty, his lack of posing, his thoroughness, and his unmistakable executive ability showed that he was the man for the place. He is worthy of the high office, and will dignify it."

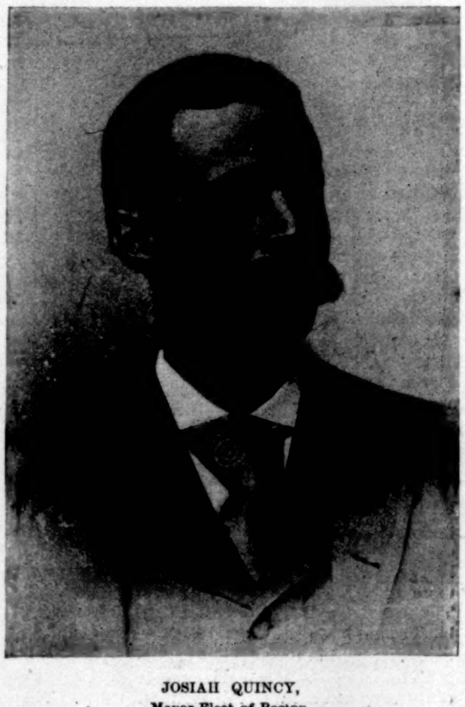
Conlin is fifty-four years old. As a policeman he has passed through every stage of such an official's duties. He has felt the knife of a would-be assassin; has faced a murderer's revolver; has tracked and captured desperate criminals. He is a devout member of the Episcopal Church, his private life is without stain, and, what must appeal to every citizen, all who know him unite in declaring him a manly man.

THE NEW MAYOR OF BOSTON.

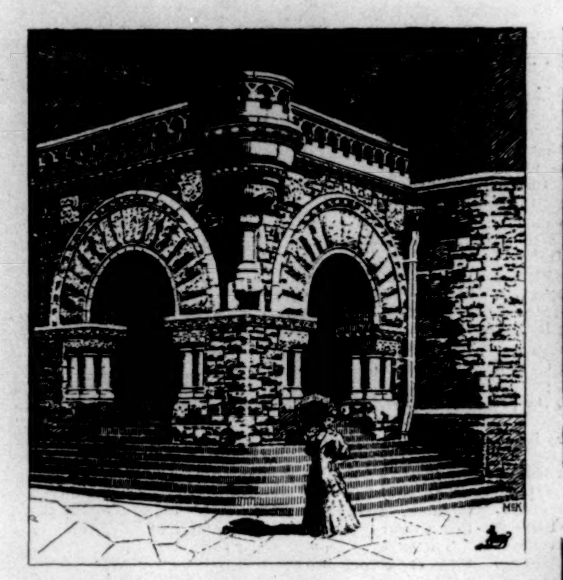
HON. JOSIAH QUINCY, who was elected Mayor of Boston on December 10th by a plurality of more than 4000 over the Republican candidate and present Mayor, Hon. Edwin Upton Curtis, is a great-grandson of the Josiah Quincy who was the second Mayor of Boston and held the office for six years, from 1823 to 1829, and a grandson of the Josiah Quincy who held the same office for three years, from 1846 to 1849. He was born in Quincy, Massachusetts, October 15, 1859, and was prepared for college at the Adams Academy at Quincy. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1880, and after a year as instructor in his old preparatory school, a year in Europe, and a year at the Harvard Law School, Mr. Quincy was admitted to the Boston bar in 1884. During the Presidential campaign of 1884 he acted with the Independents. In 1887, 1888, 1890, and 1891 he was elected to the State Legislature, where he served on important committees, and was the Democratic leader in the House. He was chosen secretary of the Democratic State Committee in 1890, chairman of the Executive Committee in 1891, and chairman of the full State Committee in 1892. In the same year he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, and was selected by the delegation as the Massachusetts member of the Democratic National Committee. Directly after the inauguration of President Cleveland, in March, 1893, Mr. Quincy was appointed to the office of Assistant Secretary of State. This he resigned about six months afterwards and returned to Massachusetts to take charge of the State campaign of his party. Since then he has held no political office.

While his services to his party in his State attracted only limited notice, his short career as Assistant Secretary of State challenged national attention. Placed by Mr. Gresham in charge of the consular service, Mr. Quincy immediately showed a partisan zeal in the removal of Republican consuls, and in the appointment of Democratic successors that would not be possible to-day under the recent order of President Cleveland, extending the civil service rules to a large proportion of those offices.

The election of Mr. Quincy as Mayor of Boston would seem to be a decisive victory for partisanship in politics, since his opponent, Mr. Curtis, during his brief term of office, has given the city a good business administration. In some of his pre-election speeches, however, Mr. Quincy has favored certain excellent innovations in city government, and it is to be hoped that as Mayor Mr. Quincy will feel the restraint of responsibility and disappoint both the fears of his enemies and the expectations of his henchmen.

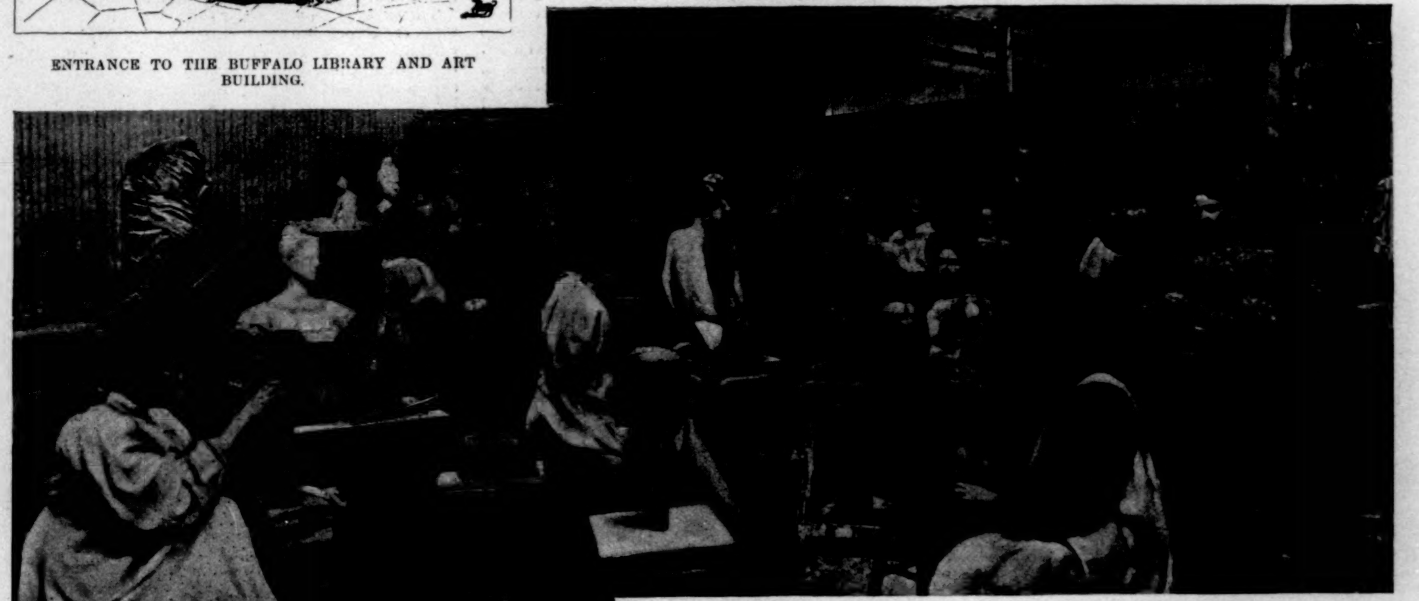


JOSIAH QUINCY,
Mayor-Elect of Boston.

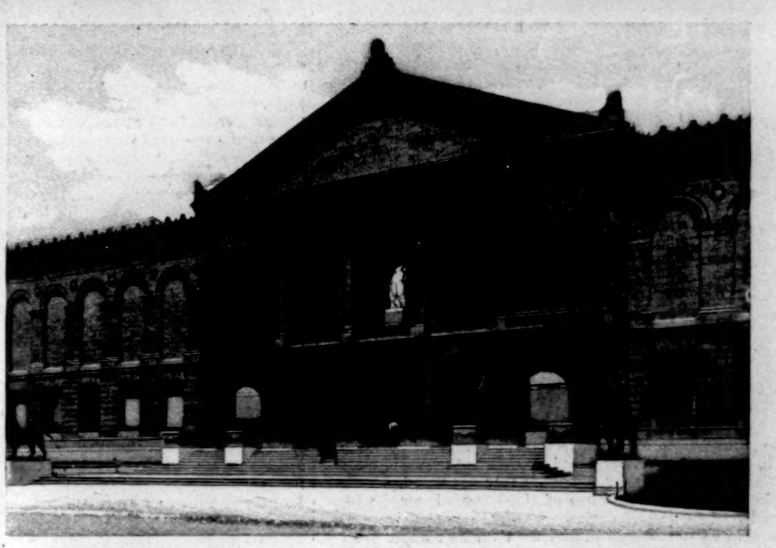


ENTRANCE TO THE BUFFALO LIBRARY AND ART BUILDING.

LAYTON ART GALLERY, MILWAUKEE.



ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO—SCULPTURE CLASS MODELLING FROM LIFE.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE.

A RECENT JOURNEY THROUGH THE WEST.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

X.—STUDYING ART OUT WEST.

TO a lover of our national progress, and to one who is fond of beauty for beauty's sake, the numerous art leagues and schools and institutes in the Western cities are as interesting as anything that our West contains. It is my purpose to speak of these agencies of cultivation as I found them, in praise of the best, and in truth about the others, and there would not be occasion to generalize critically at all in respect of them except for one wrong way of viewing them that is nursed by a great proportion of the people who have to do with them. It was voiced in print, if I may say so, lately in Cleveland, when the *World* of that city quoted a well-known New York water-colorist as saying: "It is unnecessary for Cleveland to send her students to other cities. They have every advantage at home." That, I take it, was the enthusiastic outcome of a sense of gratitude for the hearty and hospitable treatment the New-Yorker had received in Cleveland. It is not to be believed that at home, in the calm of reflection, he would repeat that sentiment, which is only measurably sage and just when spoken of Chicago, and is not at all so when any other Western city is referred to. The result of the provincial self-sufficiency which this sort of praise begets was noticed by me in the hearty contempt with which an art student in Minneapolis spoke of the un-Americanism of those who go to Paris from this country to study art. "I have no patience with such folks," she said; "they think it a sign of strength to prefer foreign teaching, whereas it is only a fashion set by weak and silly people who ape everything that is foreign."

It seemed to me that as she spoke I heard ringing in my ears the earnest words of many and many an able artist who has told me of the benefit men and women receive, apparently, by merely breathing the atmosphere of the Parisian studios, surcharged as it is by the distilled essence of the love of and the search for artistic cultivation and artistic expression. I fancied I heard the words of my friend C. D. W——: "A man can paint better in Paris than anywhere else in the world"; and the solemn assertion of my friend Mr. A——: "It is essential that a painter should go to Paris once in every few years, in order to be keyed up anew to the height of his possibilities." Of course there is absurdity in this as in all enthusiasm, but there is less absurdity in an artist's praise of Paris than in an American pupil's contempt of everything that lies beyond Waukesha or Brattleboro. And the middle ground of truth is that Waukesha and Brattleboro may be the beginnings and stepping-places of the greatest genius, but they never can afford the cultivation that flourishes where great bodies of leaders and teachers and young enthusiasts have created that indefinable "atmosphere" which is something more than the breath of those who participate in it; that is at once a stimulant and a staff. As every study has its primers and every course its primaries, it is well not to consider art as superior to universal law; it is better to make the Waukeshas and the Brattleboros as thorough and as good as any other primary schools, and to be very proud of them when they fill that place. If New York has a sufficiently large body of cultivated men, sustained by a sufficient patronage, it may be something more than a primary, and so may Chicago; but they are not either of them all in all. There is something left in Paris, perhaps in Munich, or perchance even in the relics of the past in the Hague, and in Spain and Japan.

Cleveland is proud of its art school, and its work has won praise from many whose praise should be valued. The school was founded by a woman who desired to benefit her sex, and was called a school of design for women. The wealthy and cultivated women of the city came generously to its support, and it grew and got an eventful history of changes, but it remained true to art, though it came, years ago, to serve both sexes. Yet to-day I notice that of the 121 names of its pupils not above twenty are masculine cognomens. And this I think to be true: that all the leading art schools west of Albany, though an army of students attend them, could not muster men and boys enough to make two schools of the average size. The moment we leave New York and Boston we notice the tremendous preponderance of women in the pursuit of this training. Is it because, as one writer said, "we have no leisure class, but have a leisure sex"? Is it because so few of either sex look upon painting as a serious, reliable calling; or is it because the gentler Americans are the nearer to an appreciation of art? I ask because I do not know. Miss Georgie L. Norton is the principal of the Cleveland Art School, and teaches water-color work and mechanical drawing. Other critics (all women except one) supervise the work in the life, the antique, the sketch, the decorative designing, and the modelling classes.

I thought there was very strong life in the Detroit Museum Art School. I liked its tone, the suitability of its class-rooms, the modest and yet earnest character of the work and of what was said about it when I questioned those in charge. The director is Mr. A. H. Griffith, and the instructors are Joseph W. Gies, William A. Haefeker, Heinrich Vollbracht, Dr. Daniel Laferte, Miss Mary McMaster, and Miss Helen E. Roby. I do not think that these ladies and gentlemen or their pupils will take offence at my saying that it seemed to me the school was a strong feeder to New York or Chicago, and, later, to Paris. Indeed, I recollect that I was told there that it is proposed to drop the life classes and intensify and make thorough the work in the antique department, because it is observed that the pupils take their finishing courses in New York anyway, and because of the great expense of making it worth the while of a truly great instructor for the life classes to drop his other connections and pursuits and remove to Detroit, where teaching will be his main source of income. It may seem like a decline of pride for a city of the age and consequent cultivation of Detroit to thus limit the work of its art school—and possibly it might weaken the ardor of those who now aid it out of their means—but I firmly believe that the loss of dignity would only be imagined at the outset, and that very soon the school would reach a standing and gain a pride that would lead others to follow its example. There are preparatory cities, just as there are preparatory classes, in the pursuit of art, and the most thorough ones will be the most famous. There is something greater than the cost of a master's time which operates against thoroughness where art study is forced and is taken up by but a few, and that is the impatience of the pupils to run the whole gamut of practice and instruction. This impatience vanishes where the higher grades are hard to reach, either when they are distant geographically or when they are distant by reason of the high standards set by those who lead in the preparatory studies. That is the secret of Paris, and, in a lesser degree, of other old and large capitals. In the great number of aspirants are many who are thorough, and who set a pace which serves as a barrier between the impatient ones and the higher grades of study.

This vigorous and earnest Detroit school is fittingly housed in a low brick building behind the museum, skylighted and built for the purpose, though not large enough while the school retains its present scope. The school has 200 pupils, of whom perhaps 150 are young men and women, and the others are children, wisely taken in at nine years of age as probable future members of the higher classes. It has a very fine collection of antique casts, and is, indeed, so well equipped in all regards that its expenses outrun its income, and it relies upon the aid of the generous rich of the city to balance its accounts. This is a very admirable school, whose graduates rank well in the leagues of larger cities, and whose instructors pride themselves in turning out artist-artisans as well as painters and illustrators. The Detroit Art Museum is practically in the same building, and its treasures inspire and encourage the pupils.

Buffalo has an Art Students' League, not very suitably sheltered, I thought, in the great Library Building of the town. I marvelled at finding so proud a spirit in those who worked at such disadvantage as their studios subject them to. But the pride and the enthusiasm are strong, and, doubtless, obstacles vanish ahead of them. This league began in a sketching trip into the country some years ago, when the excursionists organized its nucleus. In time the students secured Miss Alice Ford as their guide and teacher, and she remained at their head three years, until 1891. In the autumn of 1894 the league was incorporated. It comprises some 60 members, who conduct a school of about 70 pupils. The members are entitled to attend a sketch class once a week. The charges for tuition for the pupils are about half the fees demanded in New York. The instructors during the past season were Lucius W. Hitchcock, Mary B. W. Coxe, and Bernard V. Carpenter. For children there is an elementary class, and for adults there are the antique, sketch, mechanical drawing, designing, modelling, and life and painting classes. The life classes (men's and women's separated) are instructed by Mr. Hitchcock. I should say, from a study of the annual circular and a tour of the classrooms, that women superabound in the management, membership, and body of pupils. The citizens generally are proud of the work of the league, and the New York Art Students' League has given to this school a scholarship as a reward for good work done in its life class.

On the main street of Minneapolis, above and in front of the principal hotel, is a queer little studio building, in which, on the night before my last visit to the city, a very interesting function took place. I saw the wreck of the occasion next day in the form of eight walls littered with age-end posters and of caricatures of others that were as reasonable as the originals, and with oil and water-color sketches, and a painting or two. The place was Mr. Robert Koehler's studio, and the occasion had been a meeting of the Studio Club of the city—a coterie of artists and students, at whose meetings one always reads a paper, one always poses for the others, and all partake of music and refreshments. Next year these talented people expect to take in the musicians, their idea being the true and great one that the arts are closely interwoven one with another. In Minneapolis I heard of a studio wherein is maintained a life class for the study of the nude by both sexes, but I could not think either the artist or his pupils really sincere, or that there is either sober demand or occasion for such a class. On the other hand, the pastimes of the Studio Club struck me as reflecting credit and dignity upon the city.

The same city boldly got up an exhibition last winter to exhibit the work of Western artists, and gathered pictures from Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Michigan. I am informed that it was not thought that the works were of the first class, but they were very creditable to their authors. The pity was that the artists who originated and carried out the plan were ahead of the spirit and cultivation of the people, so that the show was not well attended. Even the rich patrons of it did not come to see it. Mr. Koehler and the other hopeful artists were downcast. But why? I say: all will come to those who wait—and work. And it will come in good time too. It will not do to hurry us Americans, who are under full pressure as it is. If the Western art collection did not draw, the Studio Club does. Think of the effect upon Minneapolis of a weekly meeting of 130 persons interested in self-improvement and public refinement! Reflect upon the dynamic force of such a body! It is not all expended in bright talk, in clever papers, in ink and color work. It is merely sustained by these things, while its larger influence spreads and spreads.

I visited the rooms of the Minneapolis Art School in the Library Building, and found there a young woman, apparently a pupil, and certainly a rapt dreamer of beautiful things, who showed me about. She told me that the school is ten years old, and that even in that late warm weather it had 100 pupils, and including the Saturday evening class nearly 200. In the men's life class there were ten or a dozen students, and fifteen in the women's highest class. I found the work-rooms small, but the scope of the school wide, and the paraphernalia very full and good. The work of the pupils was scattered about, and while some of it was fairly bad, more of it was very good. Mr. Koehler, whose own work is excellent, found enthusiasm there, generated by Mr. Douglas Volk, and it has increased under this new director, who, by-the-way, came recommended by William M. Chase, Carl Marr, Carroll Beckwith, Walter Shirlaw, and others. As is the case in Detroit and Chicago, the school-rooms are close to the art gallery—a very fine one indeed.

To turn from these smaller schools to that which forms a department of the Chicago Art Institute is like turning from a pencil sketch to a magnificent painting, or from a school to a college. Inspired by the persistent enterprise of President Hutchinson, directed by the cultivated supervision of Director French, and officered by a large body of competent instructors, the regimentlike body of students pursues a systematic course, for the conduct of which no accessories that money can buy, or that taste or even enthusiasm can provide, are lacking. In touching upon so great a school, that has grown healthily until it has become the ideal of a great capital, there is no inclination toward criticism, or for any limit of praise beyond what is set by the proviso that any and every such school is but an antechamber to the great finishing-room of the world. In many respects this art college, housed in a palace of art, stands alone. New York may have a deeper art atmosphere, but it has no school so royally endowed with such aids as the library, the treasure of sculpture casts and architectural casts, and the fine collection of paintings, all under the same school roof. Worse yet for New York, it has no art school in which is centred so much of the pride of the populace.

My notes, therefore, shall be wholly of comment, and confined to what is new in this crown worn by the irrepressible city, which knows no revered past, has no orthodoxy, worships no traditions, and seeks inspiration only of the present. In this school it breaks ground by the introduction of a class for instruction in the art of illustrating magazines, newspapers, books, and advertisements in pen and ink or wash. I confess that the idea shocked my sense of the dignity of such a school. The modern, especially the American, high grade of magazine and book illustration is but a form of the expression of very high cultivation in fine art. To produce such work is to teach whatever can be taught to those who have the genius of great artists. But to aim merely to produce newspaper cuts or advertising pictures—is it not encouraging precisely what we have always heard that the student may touch only at peril of preventing his fruition, of crippling his art, and of contenting himself as easily as he satisfies his untrained, haphazard customers? I talked with the director, W. M. R. French, in this wise, and found that in his spoken views, as in his able annual reports, he was painstaking in his care to show that high grade, that is to say, proper illustrating, can only be done by thoroughly trained artists, hence (as he did not say, but as we do, in the old conservative capitals) why teach anything short of this? The answer must be that the newspapers create a demand for this department. Pray Heaven that they may be well served, for their needs cry out. In this Chicago palace of art the leaders are—though not conservative—fine of instinct, rich in training, and surrounded by the noblest and truest examples of art, so that perhaps no harm will come of their experiments. It will be interesting to see what part in the school will be played by the class of a newspaper artist who is to guide his pupils through the process of *chic*-ing pictures from memory or rough notes, with great rapidity and readiness, under difficult conditions—to use the lucid definition that some one gave me of the work that is called newspaper illustrating.

Milwaukee, with its eighty per cent. of foreign-born people (seventy per cent. German), is, because of this fact, a typical American city. For what else but the blending of nationalities makes up typical Americanism? Because of its Germans, and because they lead to the importation of a great number of German artists for the painting of the cyclorama views that were once so common, the tuition in art in that city is mainly in German forms and modes. There is one incorporated art school there, and there are many painters who teach classes. Among these is Mr. E. C. Eldridge, who is curator of the Layton Art Gallery. I cannot pass this by without saying that, within and without, it is the daintiest gallery in the West—a jewel, small, fine, and richly cut. Mr. Frederick Layton has given the land, building, and pictures to the city, as well as means enough for its support. Upon its walls the citizens rejoice to see the works of Schreyer, Bouguereau, Munkaczy, Bolton Jones, Millet, Tadema, Bonheur, Cazin, Bastien-Lepage, and many other painters of genius and celebrity.

AN OPERATIC ALTERNATIVE.

THE opera season, now in progress at the Metropolitan, impresses itself on the attention of the more thoughtful musician with a special purport and dignity. That aspect does not rise merely in the fact that the aggregate of exceptional artists is unusual. It does not come with a repertory of great novelty and uncommon balance. Preceding seasons have accustomed us to expect a brave array of superior singers under the marshalling of Mr. Abbey and Mr. Grau. The repertory offers few works which in greater or lesser dignity are not familiar. The admirable orchestral and choral equipment of the season could hardly be expected to advance greatly on such an adjustment as was last winter's.

The distinctive trait of the present season stands out in the deference which the management seem desirous of paying to one of the most difficult and artistic principles and schemes in opera-giving; a basis of action which, in fact, has been recognized as more an ideal than a practical affair for any one company and any one management. It recognizes the accepted truth in opera—that all the greater works gain vastly by presentation, not only from artists of the first competence, but from artists who can sing them with entire confidence and acceptability in the language to which they are composed. The qualification in the case of the artists may be that of organ, national temperament, and instruction on lines of national art. It may be a superior intelligence in many developments of opera, or what not, that assures his or her fitness. In rare instances it can be all of such a capital. In some examples it brings a fusion of the lyric and the dramatic essences of a masterpiece otherwise not attainable. To the array of representative singers to such an end must be added conductors of equal authority in the study and leadership of opera and music-drama, be the score by Verdi, Meyerbeer, Mozart, or Wagner. When such a range is set for any single organization, it means that we are to exact a performance of *Faust* on Monday night in French, which will be a representative one of *Faust* in French; that on Wednesday, if the opera be *Aïda*, we shall hear an *Aïda* performance in Italian of authoritative merit; and that on a Friday evening, if *Tannhäuser* or *Tristan und Isolde* be given, we can go to the opera-house anticipating that we shall listen to Wagnerian opera or music-drama in German, interpreted with all the dignity and sincerity that would grace them on a representative German stage.

The existing season at the Metropolitan does not meet these conditions absolutely in perfection. For one thing, a trilingual chorus cannot be purveyed; and in minor rôles the Italian language is apt to be caught by the jealous ear on non-Italian nights. But the approach to the regular performance of operas in such exceptional wise is close. The interpretations of *Carmen*, of *La Favorita*, of *Tristan*, that now are current incidents, come so near to realizing every possible desire that the spots on the sun and sum of excellence do not disturb one. It is certain that the experiment of giving representative interpretations of opera, French, Italian, or German, under French, Italian, and German conditions has never been so successfully made by one house.

Of course, opera in the vernacular of a country is the great, the supreme desideratum. Opera otherwise is at best exotic, and cannot meet the broad and truly public appreciation, nor develop the great public taste as it should. But we must wait some time—an indefinite time—before an opera company of English-singing, not to say of American, artists can satisfactorily meet the conditions that are laid down by the highest examples of French, Italian, or German lyric genius. All past attempts to demonstrate the contrary have made the truth plainer. During the interim such a season is magnificent in consoling us for our national predicament. Nothing on the same scale or with the like authority has been purveyed for any other single musical public. It raises the office of the impresario and the impresario's attitude toward art in a way that nothing else could do, and gives to a season an educational sweep that would otherwise be the work of many years, and an enjoyment sought in many lands and operatic centres.

E. I. S.

LIFE AND LETTERS

THIS department has received a letter lately which seems of such general interest that I think the suggestion it makes, and the reflections it inspires, may be fitly confided to the public. The writer notes a fact which has no doubt struck others, and he asks with a great deal of aptness, why we cannot have a school of literary art. There are schools, he finds, for almost everything but literature, which the authorities tell you cannot be taught, though all the other arts can; and he is disposed to question the finality of the theory that if it is in you, you will write, and if it is not in you, you will not write, and there it ends. He owns that there would be difficulties in the way of teaching authorship, but he believes that they would not be insurmountable, and he boldly asks why it should not be tried.

I.

In a way, of course, and in several ways indeed, literature is taught already, though there is no school of authorship. Life teaches literature daily, hourly, and without knowing it we are uttering literature all the time. It is, to be sure, mostly very poor literature, but often, in moments of passion or conviction the literature of the common speech is very fine, and such as authorship may very well envy and imitate. Then, it will not do to overlook the fact that literature is continually taught in every sort of school, directly or indirectly. In several of our universities it is dealt with in a way that could hardly be bettered. I fancy that it must be a very stupid fellow who escapes without some artistic sense of it from the classes of Professor Brander Matthews in Columbia, or Professor Phelps in Yale, or Professor Wendell in Harvard, or Professor Triggs in Chicago.

After all, however, it must be acknowledged that the best teaching of literature so far is largely on the critical side, and not on the constructive side; and constructive teaching is what my correspondent means. He has in mind, I fancy, some such effect in literature as comes in painting or sculpture or architecture from the student's effort under the eye of the master, who looks two or three times a week at what he has done, and passes in silence, or says, "Good," or "Not bad," or perhaps sits down and bestows a touch of correction or suggestion on the work. This, or the like of it, would not be impossible; I have thought of such a scheme of literary instruction myself; but I have recognized that the most vital part of the instruction in the universities is already upon these lines; and I have felt that to carry it farther would in the nature of things be immensely difficult. It is easy enough to say to the literary student that his style is slovenly, that his sentences are clumsy and his diction is uncouth, or the reverse, and to show him how and why. But to take up a bit of his work and teach him how it is false or true to life, and prove to him how he has followed or forsaken nature, would be a task almost hopeless. I do not say it could not be done; it is already attempted, wherever honest criticism is written, and no doubt it would be well if it could be done before the student's work reaches the public. Much suffering would then be saved on all sides, many tears, many dollars; but I am afraid that the effect would still not be that which follows with the other arts. Form might be taught, the outer form; the student might be made to see that this was good or bad in what he had done; but the inner symmetry or deformity which it represented, that could never be inculcated. Of course this is measurably true of all the arts, but of literature, the subtlest, the most recondite, the most intimate, it is immeasurably true. In this respect it never can be taught, it can only be recognized, and yet in this it is most precious. The other arts imitate the outside of life, or the inside as it seeks the surface; but literature imitates the inside not only as it seeks the surface, but as it shuns the surface. They can be taught, there can be schools for them; but for it, in its deepest and highest office, there can be no school. There can be only the worship of truth in the silence and solitude of the soul, and the effect of that.

II.

Besides all this, to have the best result even in the matters of style, construction, and superficial form, a master of the art would be needed, and the whole time of a master. A great painter may pass through a room full of students, and despatch the business of criticism or instruction in an hour, but a great author could not do this. Suppose he had set fifty or sixty young writers treating the well-known passion of love in a short story of three or four thousand words, which is the favorite magazine length. Then he would have the material of an ordinary duodecimo novel to read, and if he read faithfully and considered carefully it would have cost him a week's work to go through the lot. He might let the students read their work to him, and such is the weakness of human nature, they would be glad to do so; but on the whole I do not see how very much time would be saved in that way. It might even take longer to listen to the stories; a great author's time must be paid for, and, as I understand from recent expressions on the subject, authors differ very much from other people, in our competitive conditions, in trying to get all they can for their work. I am afraid, indeed, that they have become rather notoriously rapacious, and I doubt whether they would be willing to give their time to a school of literature as great painters give their time to a school of art; perhaps because they would have to give so much more of it. The school of literature, then, would be a very expensive affair to conduct upon any really useful basis. There would probably have to be a professor of extended fiction, a professor of short stories, a professor of humorous paragraphing and light essays, a professor of lyric poetry and sonnetteering, a professor of incisive criticism, a professor of travel-sketches and life-studies, and several others. Estimating an output of six thousand words a week for each author giving his time to the school of literature, the reader can easily see that an equivalent compensation would be something prodigious at the present rate a thousand words. The beginners in literature, who would hope to profit by the instruction of these masters, could not possibly pay for it. The salary of any one master for a single week would bankrupt the largest class; and the only hope for the school would be a permanent foundation, from which the several professors could be paid, while a merely nominal fee was exacted from the students.

III.

State aid for a school of authorship could not be expected, and this would naturally bring us to our millionaires, whose interest in a school of literature would be instinctive. Their tastes, their traditions, their pursuits are all such as would prompt them to the greatest interest in it. A millionaire may not care to spend his money in forming a gallery of pictures, or building himself palatial residences, or laying out and fencing in parks; but he is always a lover of books, and he has a peculiar passion for polite literature. He could therefore be trusted to give freely and give often to the school. But here a difficulty would at once arise, for he who takes a gift is in some sort, the finest sort, perhaps, bound to the giver, and he is all the more bound if the giver has made no conditions with the gift. The beneficiary feels most an absolute generosity, and it is not imaginable that the authorities controlling a school of literature would not eagerly, almost anxiously, consider the sensibilities of its benefactors. On the other hand, the genius of every art is freedom, which is above all the genius of the literary art. The difficulty I mean, then, would arise when two of the noblest feelings of our nature came in conflict; when the grateful authorities expressed to the magnanimous professors and pupils that they could study in that school of literature any subject of human interest except, say, the means and methods of acquiring great wealth, or the superior virtues and moral advantages of poverty. Neither pupils nor professors might wish to do anything of the kind; but I greatly fear that being forbidden this ground the impulse to enter upon it would be overmastering, and the result would be something like a strike or something like a lock-out in the school of literature.

IV.

After all, however, we have a very fair school of literature in Nature herself. It is true that for the young writer it would be useful if he could have some wise friend at hand to tell him just how and where he had gone wrong, or to cheer him forward when he had gone right. It would be well if there could be some constituted authority, some academic tribunal, to which he could appeal in his moments of doubt. But if he is of the true artistic make he will have these within, and if he will be honest he can always get a righteous verdict from himself. If he will not be honest no righteous verdict from another will avail him.

Nature is a good literary school, and the public, which has a great deal of one kind of nature in it, is another. The acceptability of a work of art is some test of its worth, though by no means the highest; and in literature what one knows of life is the rule which will be the surest guide, as it is the only fit guide to general acceptance.

The several editors of the leading periodicals constitute a faculty whose wisdom we may impeach, but can deny only in extreme cases of aversion to something we have submitted to it. Then there are the critics, who are really not so bad as we would often like to think them, and who are also a school of literature, desultory to be sure, in its methods, but not without its just authority. Perhaps we ought to make the best of these existing means of literary discipline while not losing the hope of something more static and formal. W. D. HOWELLS.

COURTIN' ON CUTSHIN.

BY JOHN FOX, JUN.

HIT was this way, stranger. When hit comes to handlin' a right peert gal, Jeb Somers air about the porest man on Fryin' Pan, I reckon; an' Polly Ann Sturgill hav' got the vineg'rest tongue on Cutshin or any other crick.

So the boys over on Fryin' Pan made it up to git 'em together. Abe Shivers—you've heerd tell o' Abe—tol' Jeb that Polly Ann had seed him in Hazlan (which she hadn't, of co'se), an' had said p'int blank that he was the likeliest feller she'd seed in them mountains. An' he tol' Polly Ann that Jeb was ravin' crazy 'bout her. The pure misery of it made him plumb delirious, Abe said; an' 'f Polly Ann wanted to find her match fer languige an' talkin' out peert—well, she jus' ought to strike Jeb Somers. Fact is, stranger, Jeb Somers air might' nigh a idgit; but Jeb 'lowed he'd rack right over on Cutshin an' set up with Polly Ann Sturgill; an' Abe tells Polly Ann the king bee air comin'. An' Polly Ann's cousin, Nance Osborn, comes over from Kingdom Come (whut runs into Hell-fer-Sartain) to stay all night an' see the fun.

I hain't been a-raftin' logs down to the settlemints o' Kaintuck fer nigh on to twenty year fer nothin'. An' I know gallivantin' is diff'ent with us mountain fellers an' you furriners, in the premises, anyways, as the lawyers up to court says; though I reckon hit's purty much the same atter the premises is over. Whur you says "courtin'," now, we says "talkin' to." Sallie Spurlock over on Fryin' Pan is a-talkin' to Jim Howard now. Sallie's sister hain't nuver talked to no man. An' whar you says "makin' a call on a young lady," we says "settin' up with a gal." An', stranger, we does it. We hain't got more'n one room hardly ever in these mount'ins, an' we're jus' obleeged to set up to do any courtin' at all.

Well, you go over to Sallie's to stay all night some time, an' purty soon atter supper Jim Howard comes in. The ole man an' the ole woman goes to bed, an' the chil'un an' you go to bed, an' ef you keeps one eye open, you'll see Jim's cheer an' Sallie's cheer a-movin' purty soon, till they gits plumb together. Then, stranger, hit begins. Now I want ye to understand that settin' up means business. We don't 'low no foolishness in these mountains, an' 'f two fellers happens to meet at the same house, they jes makes the gal say which one she likes best, an' t'other one gits! Well, you'll see Jim put his arm 'round Sallie's neck an' whisper a long while—jes so. Mebbe you've noticed whut fellers us mountain folks air fer whisperin'. You've seed fellers a-whisperin' all over Hazlan on court day, hain't ye? Ole Tom Perkins 'll put his arm aroun' yo' neck an' whisper in yo' year ef he's ten mile out'n the woods. I reckon thar's jus' so much devilmint a-goin' on in these mountains, folks is naturely afeerd to talk out loud.

Well, Jim lets go an' Sallie puts her arm aroun' Jim's neck an' whispers a long while—jes so; an' 'f you happen to wake up anywhar to two o'clock in the mornin' you'll see jes that a-goin' on. Brother, that's settin' up.

Well, Jeb Somers, as I was a-sayin' in the premises, 'lowed he'd rack right over on Cutshin an' set up with Polly Ann comin' Christmas night. An' Abe tells Polly Ann Jeb says he aims to have her fer a Christmas gift afore mornin'. Polly Ann jus' sniffed sorter, but you know women folks air always mighty anxious jus' to *see* a feller anyways, 'f he's a-pinin' fer 'em. So Jeb come, an' Jeb was fixed up now fittin' to kill. Jeb had his hair oiled down nice an' slick, and his mustache was jes black as powder could make hit. Naturely hit was red, but a feller can't do nothin' in these mountains with a red mustache; an' Jeb had a big black ribbon tied in the butt o' the bigges' pistol Abe Shivers could borrer fer him—hit was a badge o' death an' destruction to his enemies, Abe said, an' I tell ye Jeb did look like a man. He never opened his mouth atter he says howdy—Jeb never does say nothin'; Jeb air one o' them fellers whut hides thar lack o' brains by a-lookin' solemn an' a-keepin' still, but thar don't nobody say much tell the ole folks air gone to bed, an' Polly Ann jus' 'lowed Jeb was a-waitin' Fact is, stranger, Abe Shivers had got Jeb a leetle disguised by liquer, an' he did look fat an' sassy, ef he couldn't talk, a-settin' over in the corner a-plunkin' the banjer an' a-knockin' off "Sour-wood Mountain" an' "Jinny git aroun'" an' "Soapsuds over the Fence." An' when Jeb comes to

"I've got a gal at the head o' the holler,
Ho-dee-um-dee-eedy-dahdy-dee!"

he jus' turned one eye on Polly Ann, an' then swings his chin aroun' as though he didn't give a cuss fer nothin'.

"She won't come, an' I won't foller,
Ho-dee-um-dee-eedy-dahdy-dee!"

Well, sir, Nance seed that Polly Ann was a-eyin' Jeb sort o' flustered like, an' she come might' nigh splittin' right thar an' a-sp'ilin' the fun, fer she knowed what a skeery fool Jeb was. An' when the ole folks goes to bed, Nance lays thar under a quilt a-watchin' an' a-listenin'. Well, Jeb knowed the premises, an' purty soon Nance heerd Jeb's cheer creak a leetle, an' she say, Jeb's a-comin', an' Jeb was; an' Polly Ann 'lowed Jeb was jes a leetle *too* resolute an' quick like, an' she got her hand ready to give him one lick anyways fer bein' so brigaty. I don't know as she'd 'a' hit him more'n *once*. Jeb hed a farm, an' Polly Ann—well, Polly Ann was a-gittin' along. But Polly Ann sot thar jus' as though she didn't know Jeb was a-comin', an' Jeb stopped once an' says,

"You hain't got nothin' agin me, has ye?"

An' Polly Ann says, sorter quick, "Naw; ef I had, I'd push it."

Well, Jeb mos' fell off his cheer, when, ef he hadn't been sech a skeery idgit, he'd 'a' knowed that Polly Ann was plain open an' shet a-biddin' fer him. But he sot thar like a knot on a log fer haffen hour, an' then he rickollected, I reckon, that Abe had tol' him Polly Ann was peppery an' he mustn't mind, fer Jeb begun a-movin' agin till he was slam-bang agin Polly Ann's cheer. An' thar he sot like a punkin, not sayin' a word nur doin' nothin'. An' while Polly Ann was wonderin' ef he was gone plumb crazy, blame me ef that durned fool didn't turn roun' to that peppery gal an' say,

"Booh, Polly Ann!"

Well, Nance had to stuff the bedquilt in her mouth right thar to keep from hollerin' out loud. An' Jeb waits another haffen hour an Jeb says,

"Ortern't I be killed?"

"Whut fer?" says Polly Ann, sorter quiet; but Polly Ann's hand was a-hangin' down by the cheer jus' a-waitin' fer a job, and Nance seed the fingers a-twitchin'.

An' Jeb says, "Fer bein' so devilish."

Well, brother, Nance snorted right out thar, an' Polly Ann Sturgill's hand jes riz up once; an' I've heerd Jeb Somers say the next time he jumps out o' the Fryin' Pan he'll take hell-fire 'stid o' Cutshin fer a place to light.

A CHRISTMAS LOVE-SONG.

WITHOUT, the garden's drifted white,
The whirlwind whistles in the tree
In wild and infinite delight;
Within, the logs are blazing bright
To fill love's bower with rosy glee.
The crisp chill wind, so brusque, unkind,
Rattles the frost-etched window-pane,
Yet, while I dream in peace supreme,
There's kindness in its weird refrain,
Which says, "Ah me, the lily you see
Full blown in gracious summer lands,
In that sweet smile which should beguile
You to the spot where now she stands,
A sylph of grace to gild all woe
Beneath the shining mistletoe!"

She is to me a dream of grace,
A dream from which I never wake,
A poppied dream which comes apace,
Ripe with the beauty of her face;
I feel the wind her tresses shake
About my brow serenely now;
And sweeter than the Christmas cheer,
The Christmas rhymes and Christmas chimes
That glad the frosty atmosphere,
Is that rare glance of fond romance
That blossoms on her features fair,
Till, fancy free, my heart's a bee
Within the white bud in her hair.
Where'er she trips spring's bird-songs flow—
E'en 'neath the Christmas mistletoe.

She is the rarest flower to-day
That smiles upon love's Christmas tree;
She smiles on me in smiles that play
Enamelled with the charm of May,
Though carven snow-drifts fill the lea.
In fancy's boat of pearl I float,
With silken sails of rich perfume,
'Neath soft blue skies, which like her eyes,
My visions all with joy illume.
And as I sail the languid gale
That dimples all the ocean's charms
"Felicity" my port I see—
The port of her two snowy arms,
Which port I'll reach when May blooms blow—
Thanks to the Christmas mistletoe.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION OF NEW YORK POLICEMEN.

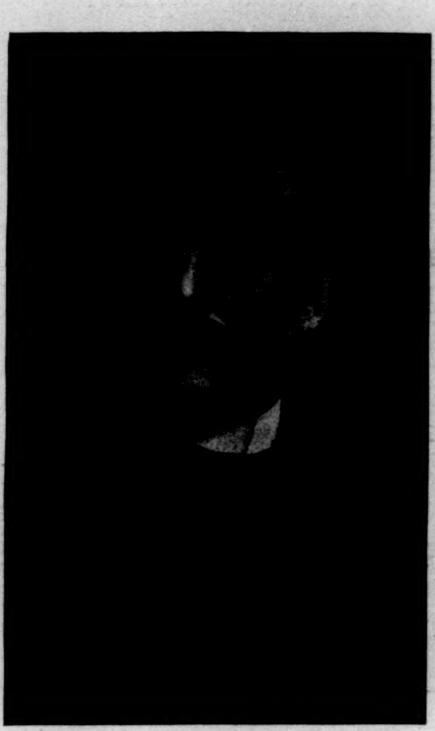
THE effort of the Police Commissioners of New York, under the reform régime, to make the police force of the city better than it was in the days of its woful degeneracy under Tammany rule, has not been confined to the infusion of a spirit of common decency and common honesty among the rank and file. The commissioners are getting better men physically for new policemen than ever before. The standard for the physical examination has been raised from five to ten per cent. in some of the more important tests since Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues took hold of the department.

Every applicant for appointment to the police force of New York city has to undergo three distinct examinations. The first is a medical, the second a mental, and the third a physical examination. They are all conducted under civil service rules, and all are rigid. Probably the physical examination is the one most dreaded.

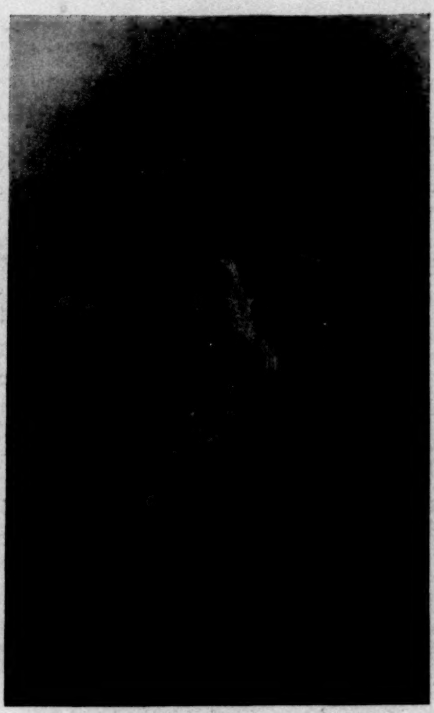
This examination is conducted by Dr. A. H. Brown in a little gymnasium on the top floor of the Criminal Courts building. It is designed to test the strength and muscular development of the applicant. The development is noted by a series of measurements of chest, waist, abdomen, arms, and legs. The data as to strength is secured by actual tests. The illustrations on another page show accurately the ordeal through which the applicant passes. Gauges have been adjusted to certain instruments, and when the dials show that certain marks—fixed after much study and experience—are reached, a percentage of 100 is recorded. A man, for example, who can make the dial on the machine for testing the capacity of the lungs reach the figures 320, gets 100 in that test. On the dial for testing the strength of the lungs he must make a record of 25. Probably the test for the arms is the most exhaustive. To get 100 the applicant must hang from a ladder and pull his chin up to his hands ten times. He must then lower and raise himself ten times on parallel bars. Few ever accomplish this. Tests are made of the strength of back, arms, and legs, the muscles in the chest and abdomen. The "grip" of a candidate is shown in what is called the "traction pull," and is also most difficult. A final test of agility is made by jumping.

All measurements are taken when the men are stripped. No man can be appointed a policeman who does not receive at least 60 per cent. in development and 60 per cent. in strength. In the development test muscular condition is the most important factor. In the strength test, agility, arm and leg power, and lung capacity count as most important. Between five and ten per cent. of those who pass the medical and mental examinations fail in the gymnasium test.

EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ.



JEAN DE RESZKÉ.



MADAME NELLIE MELBA.

EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ AS MEPHISTOPHELES.

MADAME NELLIE MELBA AS MARGUERITE.

JEAN DE RESZKÉ AS ROMEO.

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MLLE. EMMA CALVÉ AS CARMEN.

MLLE. EMMA CALVÉ AS CARMEN.

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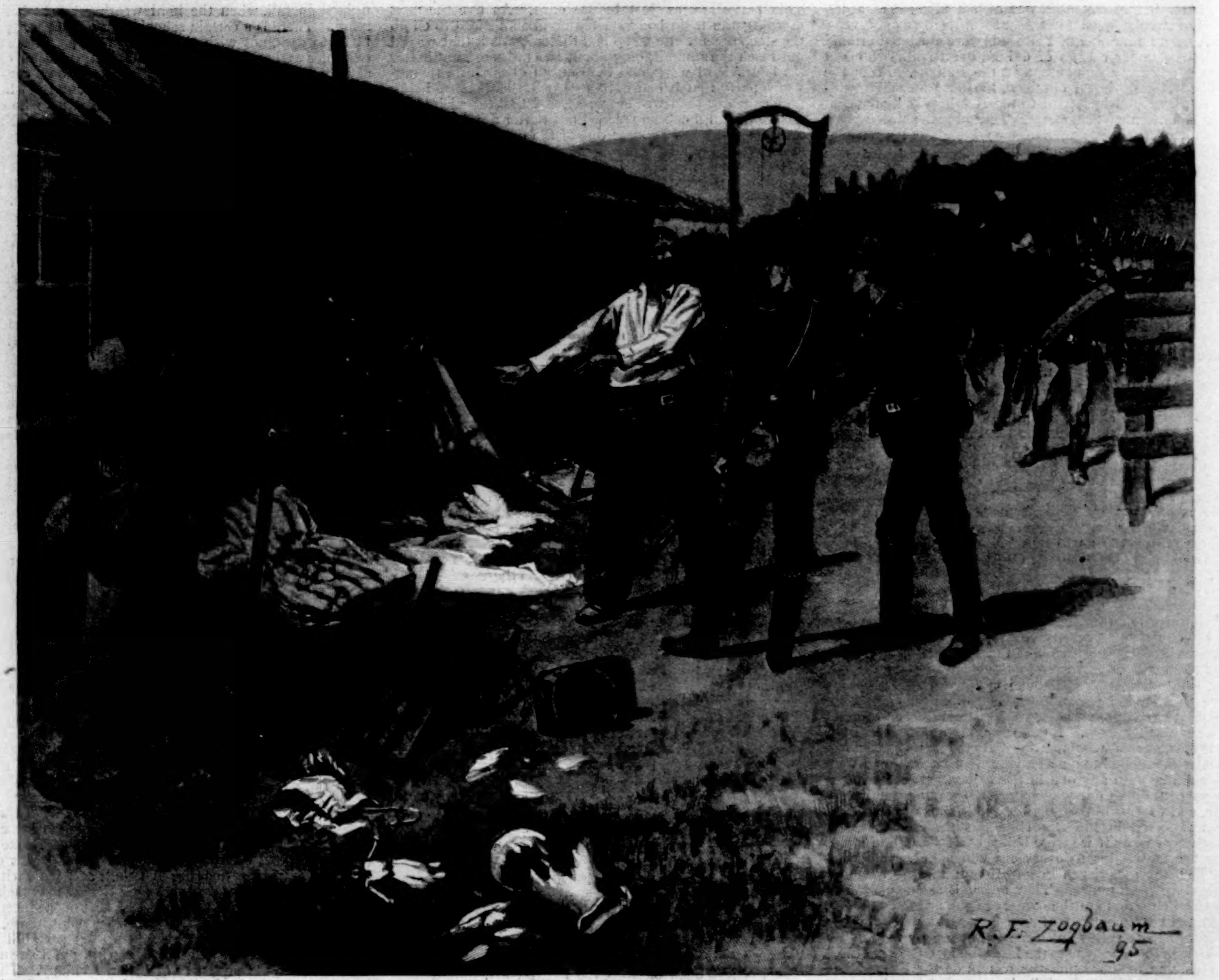
MLLE. EMMA CALVÉ AS CARMEN.

FOUR STARS OF THE NEW YORK SEASON OF GRAND OPERA.—[SEE PAGE 1212.]



"THE HOUSE WAS THOROUGHLY GUTTED."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

III.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG HOLE.

BY BRIG.-GEN. JOHN GIBBON, U.S.A.

PART I.

IN that vast region which extends from the Missouri River where it runs north towards the great bend at Fort Benton, westward to the Pacific Ocean, the country, until the great plains of the Columbia are reached, is a tangled mass of precipitous, rugged, and difficult mountain ranges, through the lowest gaps of which railroad tracks are now laid. But in 1877 the roads were few and rough, and the trails almost impassable for any animal less nimble-footed than a mule. The main range of the Rocky Mountains (the Divide) comes first, just west of Helena, the capital of Montana, but is by no means the most formidable of these ranges. The range, trending south from Helena, afterwards makes an abrupt turn to the westward, and after meeting the Bitter Root Range turns southward again, and making a great sweep to the south and east, strikes the western edge of the Yellowstone National Park. The space inside this great bend of the mountains is known as Big Hole Basin. On its western edge the Big Hole River (the Wisdom River of Lewis and Clark) takes its rise, and in the northwest corner of the Big Hole Basin occurred the fight with Chief Joseph in 1877, the battle taking its name from its location. The fight took place, in fact, on the banks of Ruby Creek, a tributary of the Big Hole River. Fort Shaw, on Sun River, is some eighty miles nearly north of Helena, whilst Fort Missoula is nearly west of that town and at a greater distance. A person leaving Fort Shaw could travel south, and passing through Helena, reach the Big Hole Basin without crossing any range of mountains, but to reach that basin by way of Fort Missoula he would have to cross the main divide of the Rocky Mountains twice, once east of Fort Missoula, and the second time south of that post.

Directly west of Fort Missoula, located on the Bitter Root River, one of the tributaries of Clark's Fork, the largest branch of the Columbia River, is the Bitter Root Mountains, by far the most rugged and difficult range in that section of the country, and beyond that all the way to the Pacific coast are various ranges not connected with my story.

The Bitter Root runs almost due north for nearly one hundred miles before it empties into Clark's Fork below Fort Missoula. The Lewis and Clark expedition in 1805 first reached the river near its source, and it was named Clark's Fork, Captain Clark being the first known white man to stand upon its banks. The party travelled down the river to within a few miles of where Fort Missoula now stands, and at the mouth of a stream flowing from the west the plucky explorers stopped for a rest and to take their bearings. They named the stream "Travellers' Rest Creek." They then followed up Travellers' Rest Creek, crossed the Bitter Root range, and after incredible labor and hardships reached the Clearwater branch of Snake River, where they built boats and proceeded down to the mouth of the Columbia River. On the Clearwater they met and established friendly relations with a tribe of Indians (Chopunnish) whose cruel fate nearly three-quarters of a century later (1877) was to mark the culminating point of the maltreatment of the Indians in this country. To reach their country the Lewis and Clark expedition, amidst all sorts of hard work and deprivation, were compelled to kill and eat some of their horses. The trail they followed, named by them from Travellers' Rest Creek, afterwards became known as the Lo Lo, and is the identical route followed by Chief Joseph, with his tribe of Nez-Percé Indians in 1877, when driven from his country (guaranteed to him by solemn treaty twenty odd years before), followed by the United States troops from Oregon and Idaho.

In the latter part of July, 1877, I was enjoying myself on a trout-fishing trip across the Missouri River and about twenty miles from Fort Shaw when, on returning to camp in the afternoon, I found a courier from the post bringing me telegraphic information from Chicago that the Indian hostilities in Idaho had resulted in Chief Joseph and his band of Nez-Percés starting eastward towards Montana. It became necessary to arrange at once for resisting the anticipated inroad into my district. Orders were issued sending a company of infantry (Browning's Seventh Infantry) in all haste in wagons from Fort Ellis direct to Fort Missoula to re-enforce that post, occupied by two companies (Rawn's and Logan's Seventh Infantry). One company (Comba's) was ordered from Camp Baker to Fort Shaw, and another from Fort Benton to the same point. It required some days to effect this concentration, but on the 27th every officer and man available—eight officers and seventy-six men—started for Fort Missoula to cross the Rocky Mountains at what was known as Cadotte's Pass. The distance was 150 miles, and with our provisions and bedding carried on mules, taken from the teams at the post and stowed on the best pack-saddles available, the movements of the little column were at first very slow. The trail in many places was very steep and exceedingly rough, especially on the western part, but on the fifth day (August 1st) we had accomplished one hundred of the one hundred and fifty miles, and at our bivouac that night received our first news of what was transpiring near Fort Missoula. Captain Rawn, in command of that post, learning through scouts that Chief Joseph and his party with a large herd of horses was on his way east over the Lo Lo trail, moved out with every available man at the post, and, accompanied by a party of citizens, took up a position in a narrow part of the Lo Lo Valley, fortified it, and awaited the approach of the Nez-Percés. This was on the twenty-fifth of July, two days before we left Fort Shaw. Two days after, the enemy made their appearance, and under a flag of truce Captain Rawn met and talked with Chief Joseph and some of his principal men. The Indians exhibited every disposition to be on friendly terms with the citizens of Montana, with whom they declared they had no quarrel. But Captain Rawn told them they could not enter the Bitter Root Valley without laying down their arms. The negotiations were renewed the next day (28th), but no agreement was reached, and the Indians exhibited a good deal of anxiety and were evidently apprehensive of the approach of the troops from Idaho, which, however, as was afterwards ascertained, did not commence the pursuit until two days later (30th), and did not reach Captain Rawn's position until the eighth of August, the day preceding the battle of the Big Hole.

Chief Joseph, however, could not afford to wait, and finding Rawn determined to resist his exit from the cañon, he very skilfully passed his whole camp, including an immense herd of horses, out of sight around the flank of Rawn's little command, reaching the Bitter Root Valley behind him. Most of Rawn's volunteers, solicitous about their families up the valley, left him, and when he marched back to the mouth of the cañon the Indians had disappeared up the Bitter Root Valley, leaving a strong skirmish line to confront him, which leisurely withdrew as he approached, and he returned with his command to Fort Missoula to await our arrival. The next day I pushed on, and after a ride of fifty miles, most of which was over a rough steep trail, I reached the post, the command arriving the next day.

The whole valley was in a turmoil of excitement; Joseph with his band, their families, and their horses was moving south along the river and through the white settlements, committing no outrages as far as we could hear, and were in full communication with both the whites and Indians. These latter were a part of the Flathead tribe, and occupied land in the Bitter Root Valley, their chief, Charlo, being with them. I sent for Charlo and tried to induce him to engage some of his people to act as guides and scouts for us, but he declined very positively to take sides in the contest, and I was very much afraid that some of his people, who probably sympathized with the Nez-Percés, would give them news of our arrival in the valley and of our movements. Hence it was a matter of some importance to conceal our movements as much as possible, not a very easy matter in such a country if scouts should be posted on the hills bordering the valley. Sending a despatch by courier to General Howard, coming over the Lo Lo trail, urging him to hurry forward, I remained one day at Fort Missoula, and then at one o'clock on the 4th left the post with fifteen officers and one hundred and forty-six men, pretty well concealed in wagons, and travelled far into the night before we made our dismal bivouac, at a distance of twenty-seven miles, near the little town of Stevensville, where a number of Flatheads were clustered around a mission under charge of old Father Rivalli, who had been nearly forty years amongst the Indians. From the old bedridden priest I obtained, the next morning, valuable information in regard to the Nez-Percés, their numbers, condition, and character. The old man showed great anxiety as to the number of men I had, and said, with great emphasis, "They are a dangerous lot—a very dangerous lot." From all I could learn they had a very large herd of horses, and numbered about two hundred and sixty warriors, all well armed and abundantly supplied with ammunition, an additional amount having been traded for since they reached the valley.

The next day was Sunday, and as we pushed along for thirty miles up the valley, evidences of the fears of the inhabitants were constantly met with, though no reports were received of any kind of depredations on the part of the Indians, except that some of them acted quite boldly and impudently; and this in itself, in an Indian, is sufficient to make people (especially when there are women and children) feel very apprehensive and fearful that the worst is about to happen. We reached old Fort Owen after dark, and it was pitiable to find the place packed with the families from the adjacent country. At Corvallis a little sod fort had been built, the inside of which presented the same sight we found at Fort Owen. The appearance of our little band of "bluecoats" was greeted with every evidence of delight, and the change from a strained condition of apprehension was very marked.

Up to this time our march had been on the east side of the river, the Indians having followed the west bank, only a few having crossed to our side as they moved along; but that night (5th) we crossed the river, and thereafter followed more or less closely the Indian trail. The question now was simply one as to how long it would require to overtake the Indians. The trail showed the passage of an immense herd of animals, and in places where the ground was soft from recent rains the mud was banked up in great ridges where the horses, following each other, had stepped into the tracks of those ahead. If we overtook them before they crossed the Rocky Mountains, our task would be a short one; but if not, we should probably have to abandon our wagons and use pack-mules for carrying our supplies, pack-saddles having been brought along with that view. But on Sunday night six citizens joined us, one of whom, "Joe" Blodgett, had been frequently mentioned to me as a man better acquainted with the country than any one in the valley. "Joe" assured me we could take our wagons all the way across the Divide, and that he himself had brought light wagons over from Bannack in the Big Hole Basin. This was very satisfactory news if we were obliged to follow the Indians over the mountains, as every one will acknowledge who has had any experience in an attempt to turn draught-mules into pack-mules. They resent it as an insult, and the chief sufferers are the owners of the articles packed.

At the extreme head of the Bitter Root Valley is a pocket or little valley entirely surrounded by mountains, which was the place where the Lewis and Clark expedition, in 1805, first looked upon the waters of the Bitter Root, then named "Clark's Fork." This pocket is called Ross Hole, and is now reached from below by a well-graded road up the cañon lying immediately below it. But in 1877 that way was barred to wheels, and the trail followed by the Indians was a narrow and difficult one. To get to Ross Hole, therefore, we were obliged to climb a spur of the mountains second oply in difficulties to that over the main range, which we were to cross two days later. At the foot of this spur stands Lockwood's ranch, where we found the first and only evidence of depredations seen in the valley. The house was thoroughly gutted, probably by "stragglers"—the pest of all armies, civilized or savage. Broken crockery and furniture, ripped-up bedding and clothing, were strewn all over the place, and the owner (a veteran volunteer of the civil war), who joined our party, looked with sad and revengeful eyes upon his wrecked home.* We reached this point at one o'clock, and whilst we nooned there the scouts reported that the Indians had been in Ross Hole at nine o'clock that morning. All that afternoon was occupied in climbing the steep mountain and dragging up our wagons behind us. The trail was almost obliterated in places, and but for Joe's knowledge of the features of the country, we must have been lost in the mountains, and all our labor would have gone for naught. As the sun went down and darkness began to gather around us I anxiously inquired of Joe if we were near the summit. Pointing to the *top* of a mountain ahead, he said, "Our trail leads right over that peak." It then became apparent that our chances for reaching Ross Hole that day were slim indeed, and I reluctantly gave orders to bivouac for the night, and with some difficulty we kept our animals from travelling off in search of water till daylight, when the march was resumed, without breakfast, or even that prime necessity to a campaigner, coffee, for we were without water to make it. We were four hours in pulling up the worst hill I ever saw. At ten we halted at the bottom of the mountain for breakfast, and then continued our way through Ross Hole to the foot of the main divide, where we bivouacked at sundown, having made only thirteen and a half miles. During the day two of my officers and a number of citizens joined us from the rear, and I received a letter from the Secretary of Montana telling me that the pass in the mountains ahead of us was not occupied, as I had hoped it would be, by the territorial militia. Hence our chase was a stern-chase indeed, with no hope that the Indians could be delayed by any body of troops in their front. After we struck the Indian trail we had been passing, each day, two of their camping-grounds, so that if this relative rate was kept up it was only a question of time when we would overtake them; but it was to be feared that they might discover our pursuit, and either hasten their march, or, what was more probable, turn upon us, and with their superior numbers so cripple us as to render any further pursuit out of the question. To *surprise* them, then, was vital to us in either event. As our crossing the formidable divide in front would necessarily be very slow, it was decided on the evening of the 7th to send forward, by a night-march over the mountains, Lieutenant Bradley with his mounted men, re-enforced by twenty-five citizens mounted, with the hope of capturing or cutting off the large herd of horses before daylight the next morning, and thus crippling the camp, and detaining the Indians until the slow-moving infantry could get up. This party left us just before dark. At five the next morning the main body started and commenced to climb the steep ascent. So steep and difficult was it that we did not reach the summit, only about two miles off, until after six hours' hard work, and then only to hear from the advance party that it had not succeeded, the distance being much greater than was supposed, and that the vicinity of the camp had not been reached until after daylight, when any surprise was of course out of the question. The descent on the other slope was very gradual and the road generally good, but the distance was great, and the command was pushed rapidly ahead, the men much of the distance in the wagons; for now it was a matter of the greatest importance to get the command together before the Indians should discover the presence of the small advance-guard. Our steps were hastened by a despatch from Lieutenant Bradley that he had located the hostile camp within a short distance of where he was concealed in the timber, but that the Indians had not yet discovered his presence.

Leaving the wagons to follow, with a few men to guard them, the rest were pushed rapidly forward on foot, and near sundown we reached the advance party lying concealed in the hills, with the open plains of the Big Hole Basin in plain view in front. Here they had lain since the early morning, but Lieutenant Bradley and Lieutenant Jacobs, who had accompanied him as a volunteer on the night-march, had not been idle. They had, with great nerve, determination, and judgment, proceeded in person to a point in the hills overlooking the location of the camp, and by climbing trees had seen parties of horses and horsemen and heard the chopping and other noises proceeding from the camp itself. This was information of the highest importance and vital to our successful operations. But any further action for the day was precluded by the close approach of night and the necessity for rest and food for the party. It was therefore decided to corral our wagons when they arrived, get something to eat, and wait until eleven o'clock. This was done as quietly as possible, and of course without any fires; and promptly at eleven, leaving our wagons and all our horses except four, we silently stole from our temporary bivouac, and following the trail along the foot-hills as well as was possible by the light of the stars—there being, fortunately for us, no moon. Stumbling along over rocks and fallen timber and through streams and mud, we at length reached more open ground, where the walking was better, and the country of the great Big Hole opened out before us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CLINGING SNOW.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

THE world of trees is twinned with a world of snow,
  Like black Othello and his stainless mate;
  In parallels as strange as hope and fate
The sweet white follows where the branches go.
Its feathered heavy arches bending low,
  The forest holds itself in crystal state;
  All softly scintillant the hushed aisles wait
As for the march of angels to and fro.
The lowliest bush o'ertops the highest art,
  And loveliness is flung on log and stone
    And wreathed in all recesses of the wood.
Ah, here's a vision of the pure in heart,
  So into truth and living beauty grown
    That all their least concerns are fair and good.

A TELLER OF TALES OF STRONG MEN.*

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

IN the fall of 1891, when returning from an elk-hunt northeast of the Tetons and just south of the Yellowstone Park, I struck a surveyor of the C. B. and Q. who was coming in from his season's work. We joined forces, sent back our men to the camps of our comrades, and ploughed northward into the Yellowstone Park through the first heavy snow-storm of the season. We were travelling light, each on one pony and with only a single pack-animal, and as we had been leading a rather rough life, we were in a mood to appreciate the hospitality of some officers of the Second Cavalry whom we found in the camp with their companies of the Middle Geyser Basin. They received us as only army officers can. At dinner we got talking over various adventures, my comrade the surveyor happening to start the talk by a description of a trip he had made through the Black Cañon on the ice, the first time the feat had ever been performed. The talk then drifted to Indians, and one of our hosts, Lieutenant (now Captain) Edwards, described the conspiracy and death of the Crow chief Sword-bearer, against whom he had served. From our other host, Lieutenant (now Captain) Pitcher, we with difficulty wormed out an account of a very remarkable occurrence which he had witnessed in connection with the killing by the troops of two young Cheyenne braves who had murdered a government herder. As we remounted our horses after dinner, and thanked and bade good-by to our hosts, we both together uttered the wish that some American writer would arise to do for the wild life of the West, the life of cowboy and Indian and soldier, what Bret Harte had done for the California pioneers and Rudyard Kipling for the soldier and sailor folk of Great Britain and her colonies. Of course this was a wish that some hitherto unknown American author should display not only talent, but genius of a high order, and we had no idea that it would be immediately fulfilled; but it has been fulfilled.

Mr. Owen Wister's stories, some of which have now been gathered under the title of *Red Men and White*, turned a new page in our literature, and, indeed, may almost be said to have turned a new page in that form of contemporary historical writing which consists in the vivid portrayal, once for all, of types that should be commemorated. Many men before him have seen and felt the wonder of that phase of Western life which is now closing, but Mr. Wister makes us see what he has seen and interprets for us what he has heard. His short sketches are so many cantos in the great epic of life on the border of the vanishing wilderness. He shows us heroic figures and a heroic life; not heroes and the heroic life as they are conceived by the cloistered intellect, but rough and strong and native, the good and evil alike challenging the eye. To read his writings is like walking on a windy upland in fall, when the hard weather braces body and mind. There is a certain school of American writers that loves to deal, not with the great problems of American existence and with the infinite picturesqueness of our life as it has been and is being led here on our own continent, where we stumble and blunder, and still, on the whole, go forward, but with the life of those Americans who cannot swim in troubled waters, and go to live as idlers in Europe. What pale, anæmic figures they are, these creations of the émigré novelists, when put side by side with the men, the grim stalwart men, who stride through Mr. Wister's pages!

It is this note of manliness which is dominant through the writings of Mr. Wister. Beauty, refinement, grace, are excellent qualities in a man, as in a nation, but they come second, and very far second, to the great virile virtues, the virtues of courage, energy, and daring; the virtues which beseem a masterful race—a race fit to fell forests, to build roads, to found commonwealths, to conquer continents, to overthrow armed enemies! It is about the men who can do such deeds that Mr. Wister writes. So many of our writers are content to write merely with polish and daintiness, or are only capable of so writing; so many of them can give us nothing better than pretty poems or graceful little stories; that we welcome eagerly a man who deals with the elemental and basic qualities, a man who is free from any touch of valetudinarianism, and who has nothing morbid in his make-up. He tells of the strife of strong men, of their successes, of their failures, their high deeds, and their manifold shortcomings. He does not shrink from the blood and sweat of the conflict, nor yet does he grow unhealthy and think that in the conflict there is nothing else. At times he tells of lives that are dark and evil, and of the terrible deeds which such lives bring forth; but it would not be possible to imagine a book more opposed in every way to that criminal and monstrous literature which dwells only on the unclean and the abhorrent, and which portrays life as if it were one vast section of a sewer.

Mr. Wister has gathered together in this volume but half of the stories he has written, and we miss some old favorites; but there is not one that he has put in which we would be willing to have left out, though possibly there might with advantage be some changes in "The Serenade at Siskiyou." The opening story, "Little Big Horn Medicine," is the very story outlined to the surveyor and myself by Captain Edwards on that bleak October day when we ate dinner with him at the Middle Geyser Basin, and wished that some American writer might arise capable of seeing the wild poetry of the deeds and death of Sword-bearer, and of basing upon them a tale which should show Indian, frontiersman, and soldier as they actually are at the time of such an outbreak. This Mr. Wister has done to perfection. All who have been on an Indian reservation will recognize the sinister type of Kinney, the squaw-man and interpreter, who makes his profit out of war and intrigues to bring it about, and who, with unmoved eyes of evil, watches men die that he may make paltry gains. It is a type as unlovely as that of the incendiary who for a few dollars burns down a tenement-house, but it is closed with at least the slight shade of respectability that attaches to the man who is willing himself to run some risk from the consequences of his own villany. The Indians are admirably drawn—warriors, squaws, Indian policemen, the old chief who knows the hopelessness of war with the whites, and the young chief, half impostor, half visionary, who pays with his life for the wrong he does. Another side of the Indian character is well brought out in "The General's Bluff." In both of these stories, moreover, Mr. Wister dwells lovingly upon the men of the army themselves, the uncomplaining men—officers and privates—who have done so much for the West and whose reward has been so slight.

In the very strong sketch with which he closes his book, "The Pilgrim on the Gila," he brings into relief one very unpleasant fact in frontier life, namely, the hatred with which the frontiersman regards the very soldiers to whom he owes more than he does to any other men. Among the lowest men, the desperadoes, the road-agents, the horse-thieves, cow-thieves, and man-killers, this feeling is but natural, but it exists at least to the extent of a sullen dislike even among other frontiersmen who are not guilty of any overt wrong-doing. It probably owes its existence chiefly to the resentment men feel against the presence among them of other men with a standard of honor, loyalty, and obedience so high that the comparison with their own gives them a sense of shortcoming which they resent. Our little army has many faults, but, on the whole, with the sole exception of the navy, there is no other body of our citizens to which the country owes as much respect, or which has as high a standard of honor or lives so entirely for the things which make the life of a nation really worth living.

Specimen Jones, who appears in more than one of these stories, is perhaps the best character that Mr. Wister has produced, though Lin McLean the cowboy, who does not come into this book at all, would be close behind; but the best individual story among all these good stories is that called "The Second Missouri Compromise." Here Mr. Wister touches absolutely new ground for a story-teller, though the ground-work of what he writes is familiar enough to every man who knows how Price's left wing moved westward into the Rocky Mountain territories after the war, so as to make the persimmon supreme in the early history of Montana—indeed, until Montana became a State its supremacy was only shared with the shamrock. The relations of the Northern men who were appointed by the President to be the executive officers of the wild little Territory in the Rockies and of the unreconstructed Southerners who sat in the territorial Legislature, are brought out by Mr. Wister with a force as masterful as it is humorous. Governor Ballard and Secretary Hewley, at their great poker game with Powhattan Wingo and the rest of the Pike County members of the Upper House, form a picture which is really as interesting from a historical as from a literary stand-point; and nothing could be better than the climax, in which the United States army is seen to hold the highest hand, thanks to the readiness of Specimen Jones.

This story is literally a masterpiece; and some of the others are almost as good. No better work of the kind has ever been done than that which Mr. Wister is now doing. His style is excellent, his powers of observation remarkable; and he has that gift of gifts, the power to arouse and sustain interest, the power of the born story-teller. His tales are clean and fresh and strong, and healthy with an out-of-doors healthiness; they quicken our pulses, and our hearts beat quicker for having read them.

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* He was very severely wounded in the battle which followed.

* *Red Men and White.* By Owen Wister. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Post 8vo, cloth, $1 50.

BRUSA.

THE FIRST AND THE NEXT CAPITAL OF THE TURKS.

Brusa, on the slopes of the Mysian Olympus, was the first, and by all the signs will be the next, and very probably the last, capital of Ottoman rule. When Osman and Orchan led their hordes in from central Asia the latter captured Brusa from the Crusaders, after a ten years' siege; and, as sovereign Emir and Padishah, founded the dynasty, whose brilliant court remained there only a century before Constantinople fell.

This prosperous city of the Asiatic province of Anatolia is reached by small steamers daily traversing the sixty miles between Constantinople and the port of Mudania. A Belgian company built the railway line of twenty-five miles connecting Mudania and Brusa, and an Italian company made a carriage road which is worthy of any English shire, and unique in the Sultan's dominions. The hot mineral springs at Brusa were a favorite resort of the Byzantine emperors, and with the added charms of its climate and landscape beauty, this city on the slope of Mount Olympus has always been in great favor with Turkish officials. It has a gay season from May to October, when the scores of villas on the Mudania shores and the Olympic slopes are occupied by Constantinople residents. Ahmed Vefyk Pasha, the last governor of the vilayet, did much in the way of public works and improvements, which are generally admitted to have been undertaken with the view of Brusa becoming a city of refuge for the Sultan and his court.

Brusa has a mosque and a walk for every day in the year, and the hundreds of minarets and low domes give picturesqueness to the white city, which stretches for three or four miles across the greenest buttress of all Olympus, and looks down upon the lovely fertile valley of the Ulfer Chai, fed by the melting snow-fields above. There are some 70,000 inhabitants, of whom 12,000 are Armenians, and as many more are Greeks; and thousands of "Cherkesses," or refugees from the Danube provinces, came to the vilayet after the late war, and became the busiest of its industrial classes. Brusa silks and gauzes, Brusa towels, Brusa saddles and shoes, have long enjoyed preference in all the markets of the Levant. A parasite attacked the silk-worms some thirty years ago, and silk-culture is only now regaining its old footing. The hill slopes about the town and all the valley below are dotted with mulberry plantations, and more cuttings are set out each year. Ahmed Vefyk Pasha established a school of silk-culture, where free instruction is furnished and pupils are equipped for pursuing this industry, which means so much for the prosperity of Brusa.

The Green Mosque is first of all the three hundred and sixty-five mosques of Brusa. Its mihrab, door-frames, walls, and galleries are incrusted with old Persian tiles, in which the predominating green is but little relieved by the pure turquoise or dull red enamels. On a terrace behind the mosque is an octagon tower coated over with soft, faded turquoise tiles, and containing the tomb of Mohammed I., and a whole little family group of graves. The pall on the Sultan's tomb is of heavy red silk woven over with verses from the Koran arranged in chevron lines, with the characters raised in gold thread—a fabric of great richness and skilful workmanship. Ahmed Vefyk Pasha had the mosque and the tombs restored by a French artist when earthquake and long neglect had left them almost a ruin.

The Great Mosque, in the heart of the town, has lost all its tiles, but the vast Arab interior has a central dome open to the sky and a plashing fountain beneath. Texts from the Koran are written high on the whitewashed walls in countless artistic and ingenious devices, in Cufic, Persian, and archaic characters, enclosed in outlines of coffins, swords, circles, stars, and blossoms, the most striking decorative effects obtained in any mosque by this Oriental art of ornamental writing. A sheik with his Koran class is always sitting near one column, small boys rocking to and fro as they study the good book, soldiers devoutly praying, and even veiled women prostrating themselves toward Mecca in this most popular mosque of the people.

All the faithful go to pray at the tombs of Osman and Orchan, in the rose-garden of the old "Hissar," or citadel, whose massive towers and walls were built in the Crusader's time. They were also rescued from ruin by the progressive pasha, the Haussmann of Brusa, and the gardens about them and the groves are the holiday resort of the people. Every Friday the people gather in family picnics, and at the Bairam there is great festival.

The tomb of Murad II. is a mound of earth in a tiled pavilion, whose open roof allows snow, rain, and sunlight to fall upon it as on any poor man's grave, according to his wish for a simple burial. It is so hidden and neglected in its shady old garden that this tomb and the mosque have been sadly despoiled of their precious Persian tiles.

The baths are in the Chekirjeh or "Locust" suburb, near the group of iron and sulphur springs, some of which have a temperature of 198° Fahrenheit. The large Kara Mustafa bath-house is lined throughout with blue and white tiles, and the luxury of the real Turkish bath may be enjoyed in surroundings of some Oriental splendor. The Yena Kaplija bath-house is faced throughout with white marble, which the steam and iron have stained to the richest harmonies in cream, orange, and red, and by an alternation of ladies' days, the Brusa beauties may enjoy the advantages of both these great establishments.

Brusa has two good hotels kept by Europeans, and with the splendid carriage roads around the town and the many possible excursions to points on Mount Olympus and to its summit, offers more attractions to visitors than any place near Constantinople.

Brusa bazars are a labyrinth of great domed halls and chambers, and narrow lanes of booths that are highly attractive. The silks and gauzes, the bath-towels, the old embroideries, rugs, metal, and leather goods, have each a neighborhood of its own, and there is a fruit and sweetmeat bazar in a vine-trellised street that is full of interest. The veiled ladies and their children, the shaggy peasants, and the booted Anatolians in their gay jackets and waistbands, make up street crowds of such color and picturesqueness as are never seen in these later days in Constantinople. With all this color and costume now enlivening its street, Brusa is accused of becoming more European and commonplace every year. The railway has done away with the great camel trains that used to come from inner Asia, and the commission merchant with the strangely belted and turbaned men who came with the caravans.

E. R. Scidmore.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.—From the Painting by Benoni Irwin.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

It was Mr. James Lane Allen who annexed Kentucky to the domain of American letters when the new literary movement spread over the South a few years ago, and writers arose in the various States. But, although the authors forming this remarkable group advanced into notice almost side by side as in a rank, they have not kept step since the common start. The rank has wavered and broken; some have stood still, some have fallen behind, and some—having been longer in the service—have dropped out of sight.

Up to the time that Mr. Allen thus brought his State within the literary horizon, Kentucky had no recognized place in prose fiction. Washington Irving had made the Green River country the scene of "Ralph Ringwood's" earlier adventures; *Tempest and Sunshine* also might perhaps be called a Kentucky story; and "Uncle Tom's" first cabin, as will be readily remembered, was located there. But none of these books had a touch of what has since come to be known as local color; all were written by aliens, and two were from hostile pens; and no one of them ever met with acceptance by the section which they attempted to portray.

And these were all—all that are worthy of mention, at least—when James Lane Allen began to speak for his own State and people as one to the manner born. Now that his work has become so widely known it is hard to realize how new it was at first. But when he entered upon the writing of a series of articles on "The Blue-Grass Region," which first made his literary reputation, there were no local models to guide him, and little or nothing in the way of published data to aid him. In order, therefore, to gather material he was compelled to have recourse to unusual sources of information, and found his best helps in old newspapers and in the clear memories of old men and old women. By such unique methods a mass of original material was collected and sifted with the conscientiousness that enters into all his work. Then, adding to this his own observations and knowledge of the modern environment, he finally succeeded in making a presentation, equally authentic and interesting, of a part of the State's soil and customs and people.

The result was Kentucky's first distinctive contribution to literature. But it did not long remain the only one, for others followed in rapid succession from the same pen. While preparing these first articles the author seems to have discovered within this fresh field, and perhaps also within himself, literary possibilities beyond the limitations of descriptive writings, and accordingly soon passed on into the wider and higher realm of fiction. So that *The White Cowl* and *Sister Dolorosa* were the logical outcome of his study of the Trappist Monastery and the Convent of Loretto, and of the spiritual influences by which he thus became imbued. These studies are purely ideal in characterization, but they are nevertheless both faithful in description and true to the spirit of the Middle Ages which still pervades those retreats. They are, indeed, largely the result of the author's search through the records of early Catholic missions in Kentucky.

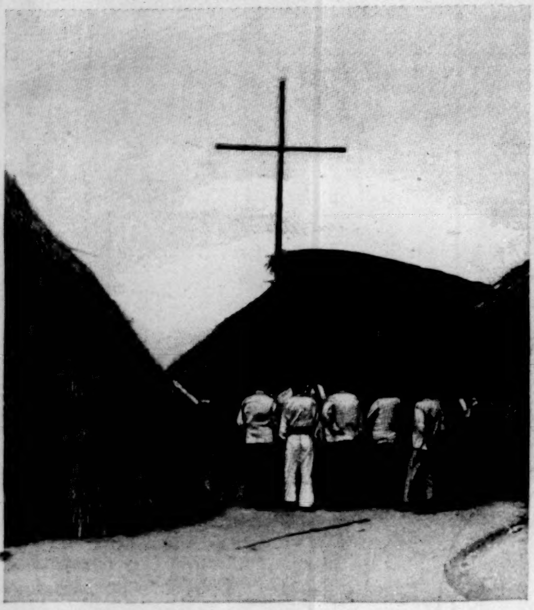
Some such coloring of local truth characterizes nearly all of his work. Thus *John Gray* discovers and regains certain types of the wilderness, and in so doing shows that these Kentucky pioneers were like no others, portraying their manner of life and thought and speech, their avocations and amusements, the books that they read and the clothes that they wore. The contents of "that high and mighty mistress Amy Falconer's" bundle—the fateful lost bundle of party finery—around which the romance of the story revolves, are quoted almost word for word from an advertisement in a newspaper published in the County of Kentucky. The old negro preacher with his texts embroidered on the tails of his coat was a real but forgotten figure in local history until he became one of "two Gentlemen of Kentucky." "King Solomon" was only an unremembered vagabond until the history of his heroism during the plague in Kentucky was recalled from ungrateful oblivion in a way to stir the heart and bring the tears. A dim, unnoticed tablet on the walls of an old Kentucky church told nothing to the present generation but the death of the Rev. James Moore, until *Flute and Violin* touched the vanishing halo of a hard and saintly life. Never again can "a Kentucky cardinal" become an ordinary red bird, after being made nearly human, and set forever in the affections of the common people. The whole tissue of *Aftermath*, the latest story, is shot through with historic threads, with which are interwoven the love and the knowledge of nature that make the great charm of *A Kentucky Cardinal*. The incident of the winter night so cold that the wild beasts were driven out of the forest to shelter themselves around the cabins of the pioneers was unwritten Kentucky history until it took this poetic form. The irresistible reference to the reign of the Kentucky poetess under the regency of Mr. Prentice may be verified by the dusty files of the sacred *Journal*. The several light but telling touches upon the sensitive subject of "justifiable" homicide may also be verified, should any one doubt, by the dockets of Kentucky's courts. And close by will be found the record of Miss Delia Webster's sudden departure from Kentucky to her home in Vermont, and the longer stay at the State capital of her principal, the Rev. Mr. Fairbanks. It is pleasanter to know that the two greatest Kentuckians, Lincoln and Clay, once really walked together under the trees at Ashland, just as the story is told in *Aftermath*. And pleasantest of all is the true account of the challenge accepted by Mr. Lincoln to the duel that was not fought, because he chose a monstrous broadsword that his own giant arm alone could wield, so compelling the challenger to keep an inglorious peace.

But while thus rooted in Kentucky life and history, these stories are all sent upward through some subtle power inherent in the author that lifts them above the commonplace, but not above the truth. It is this trait—which for lack of a better name may be called the quality of transfiguration—that gives to Mr. Allen's essentially realistic work its inseparably poetic aspect. And it is the two together, this transfiguring touch and this strict adherence to underlying reality, that make his stories unlike those of any other writer. Rarely if ever has there been such a union of realism and idealism, and humor and pathos, and the increasing prominence of nature still further distinguishes his most recent books. *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath*, making one rounded tale, are, more than any of his stories perhaps, distinctively new work, in which the author goes off along his own path towards the unfolding of larger plans.

And yet this manner of treatment has its disadvantages. It limits his audience; it takes his work out of the surface current of the day; it is quiet, reserved, and at ease; it makes no bid for passing notice; its repose sometimes conceals its strength, its lightness, its depth; it deals with states rather than with actions; its problems are spiritual, not physical; it faces always towards the higher and more difficult way of life. But, after all, these are the characteristics that unite to make it rare, and it is perhaps through these very disadvantages that it has won its success. And as the truth which he puts into his work is not merely local truth, but the essential truths of human nature, the broad note thus struck is not felt in Kentucky alone, but has met with response abroad, in Great Britain and Germany, and has been recognized everywhere, so does this double vision, this perception of the infinite within the finite, of the relation of the atom to the universe, magnify and ennoble the smallest detail of his finely finished work, that in the wreck of a bird's nest by a gust of wind he sees "the wastage of the divine, the law of loss, but whose right to reign no creature, brute or human, ever acknowledges"; and in the life-everlasting, "a low, sturdy weed, on the top of which small white blossoms open as still as stars of frost," he finds an emblem of immortality.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CIUDAD BOLIVAR, CAPITAL OF VENEZUELAN GUIANA.

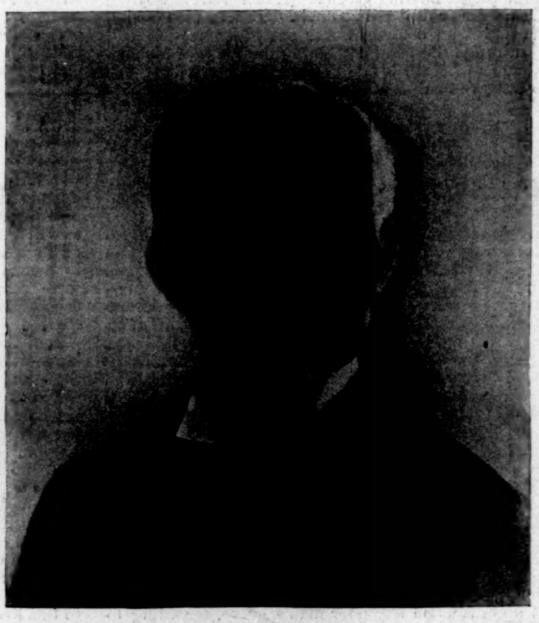
BAPTIZING INDIANS AT A VENEZUELAN STATION ON THE CUYUNI RIVER.



ERECTING A CROSS IN THE VILLAGE OF SAN JOAQUIN.

A HUNTING PARTY.

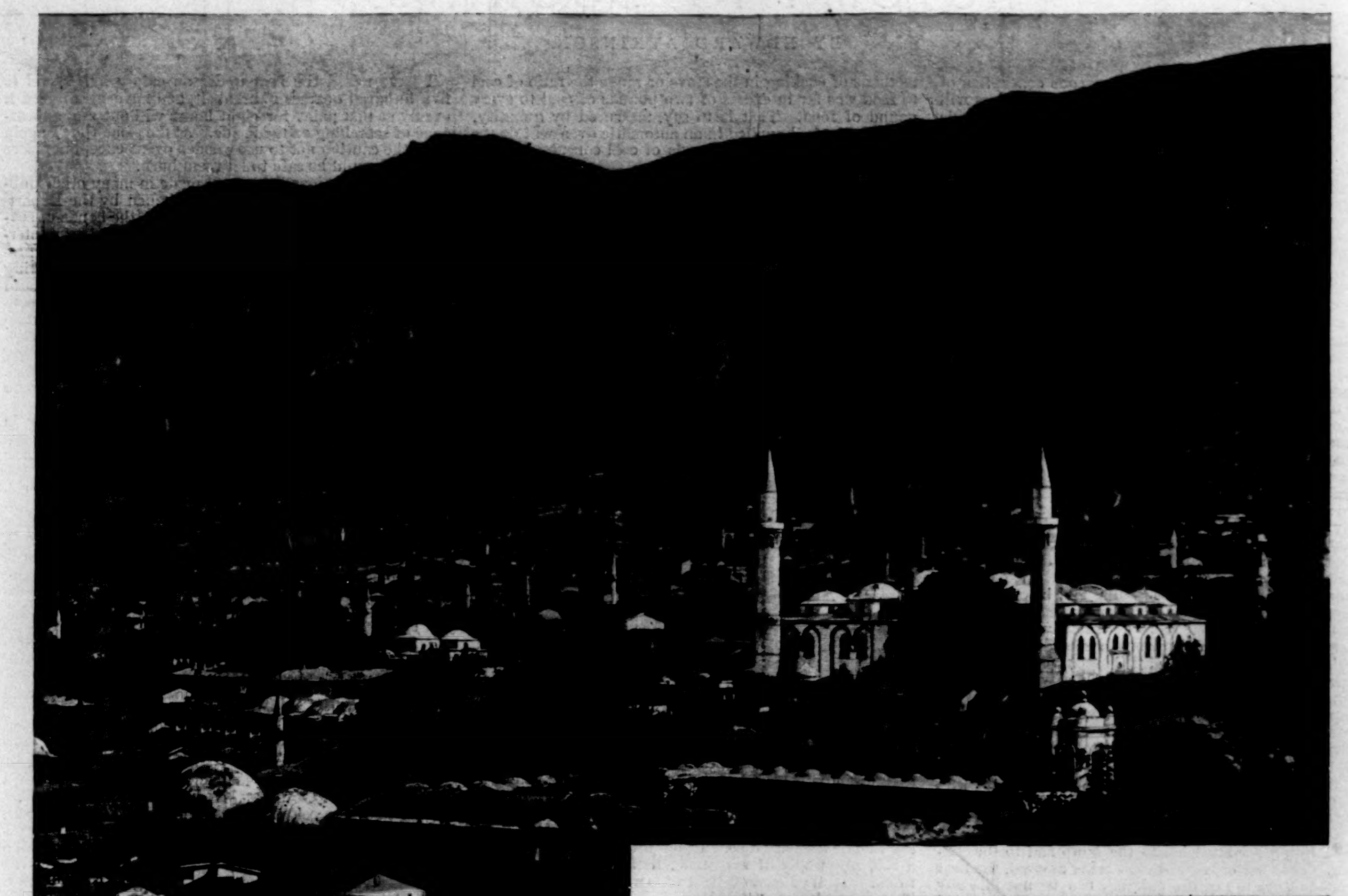
VENEZUELAN STATION ON THE AMACURA RIVER.
Showing military guard for keeping the Light-house and protecting the Flag.



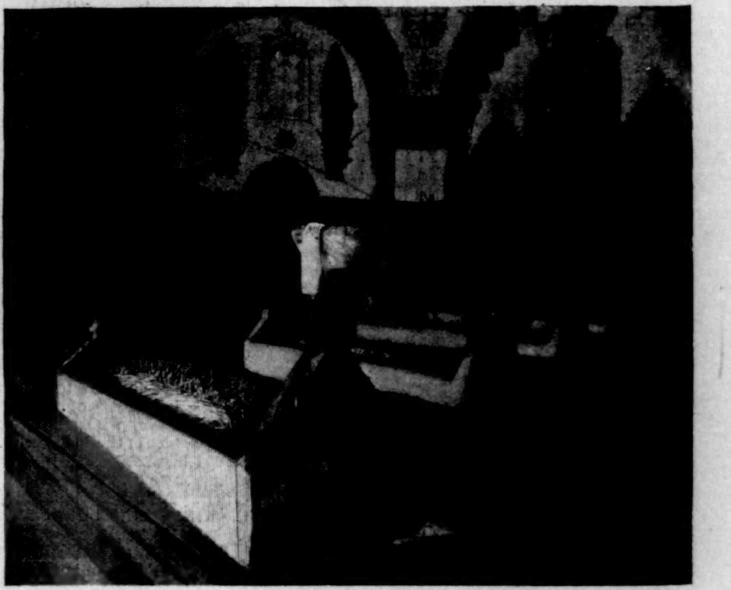
DR. PEDRO EZEQUIEL ROJAS.
Probably soon to be reappointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

ENGLISH STATION ON THE AMACURA RIVER—THE EXTREME LIMIT OF GREAT BRITAIN'S ENCROACHMENTS.

SCENES IN VENEZUELAN GUIANA.



THE CITY ON THE SLOPE OF MOUNT OLYMPUS—THE GREAT MOSQUE IN THE FOREGROUND.



TOMB OF MURAD II.

SHOE BAZAR.

BRUSA, THE FIRST AND PROBABLY THE NEXT CAPITAL OF THE TURKS.—[SEE PAGE 1217.]

AUTOMATIC COOKING.

BY EDWARD ATKINSON.

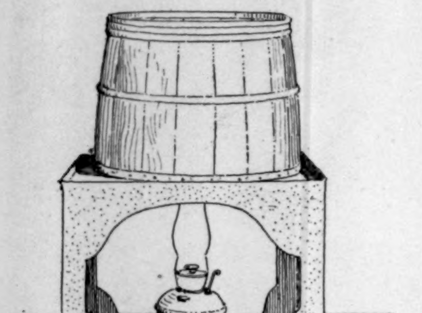
IN view of the common but erroneous conception of what the art of cooking really is, many readers will wonder that any one can venture to put such a title as the above at the head of an article. Yet automatic cooking exists; it is practised by or under the direction of hundreds of persons. It is very simple, it is easily learned, and it may presently work a revolution in the domestic kitchen. Any intelligent person can learn how to cook automatically in one lesson. In the discussion of this subject it is as necessary to give a definition to the words that we use as it is in the discussion of free coinage or banking. Cooking consists in the application of a suitable and measured degree of heat for a given time to the conversion of food material into appetizing and nutritious food, the time and intensity of the heat varying according to the kind of material and the specific purpose of its application. Cooking does not consist in the preparation of the food; that is a separate art, which has been rendered very complex by the unsuitable character of the common iron ranges and stoves, on which the cooking is commonly done by the use of coal. Plain cooking consists in the development of the natural flavor of grains, meats, fruits, and vegetables. A great part of the fine or fancy cooking, so called, consists in disguising natural flavors by the use of spices and other condiments, especially where the food material is of poor quality.

Any intelligent person can learn in one week's practice all that is necessary to become a good plain cook—to make the best bread, and even to prepare many fancy dishes to be cooked automatically.

There are some points in seasoning and in changing or developing the natural flavor of some kinds of food to what may be considered more desirable, which may require special aptitude, and perhaps a good deal of instruction. This part of the art is of little relative consequence.

A person who has the aptitude and nicety of taste, who is in possession of an automatic oven, can easily equal or perhaps excel the most capable *chef* who has in use only the common and unsuitable iron stoves and ranges.

It happened to fall to the writer to find out that heat could be put by a measure of the temperature into a tight box through a hole in the bottom and kept there, the products of combustion finding their way out around the top of the chimney of the lamp in which the heat is generated. The perfect combustion of liquid fuel or of gas may be secured by proper attention to the lamp and to the gas-burner. That perfect combustion being assured, the heat generated at the top of the chimney can be put into any kind of a box, and it can there be kept at an even and regulated temperature by controlling the wick or the burner. This fact being manifest, the only thing left in order to make an automatic cooking apparatus was to find a suitable non-heat-conducting and incombustible substance of which to make the box. This was a long and difficult matter. In order to do the work more surely, and not to dry up the food while being subjected to heat, it became expedient to put a sheet-iron box or oven inside the outer box, so that the heat could pass around this inner oven without any open way into the inside, either for the products of combustion of the lamp or for the smoke if the lamp happened to smoke. That is the principle of the Aladdin oven, but it may be applied in a great many ways. Assuming, however, that one is in possession of an Aladdin oven, he finds himself in the control of an automatic cooking apparatus.



A BARREL OVEN.

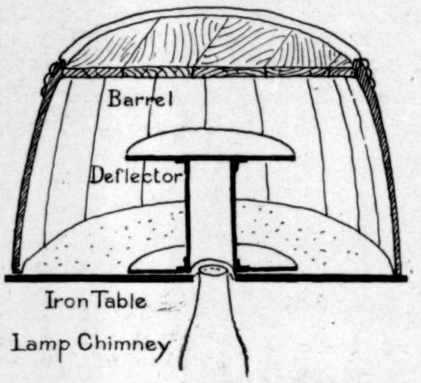
All that one has to do in order to roast, bake, stew, simmer, broil, or braise is to prepare the material, to find out how long it ought to be subjected, to a given degree of heat, then put the material into the oven, and the lamp will do the rest. This justifies the term "automatic oven" as fully as that term is justified when applied to spinning machinery, looms, or any other tools.

Patents were secured on all these methods until they were perfected. But the principle has been declared free to any one to apply, else it would not be proper for the writer to send this article to HARPER'S WEEKLY, and it would surely not have been printed if it had been merely for the purpose of advertising a patented invention. The term "Aladdin oven" is retained in my own control as a trade-mark, so that it may not be abused.

I have said that this principle may be applied in many simple ways. The heat developed from the top of the chimney of a central-duct lamp, with a round wick one and a half inches in diameter, during eight hours, by the combustion of one quart of oil, suffices to cook fifty to sixty pounds of food material in three charges in a properly constructed automatic oven. The ratio is one pound of oil, or a fraction over one pint, to twenty or thirty pounds of food, according to its kind.

The only scientific analysis of the quantity of coal commonly required in a stove or range which I have been able to find is one made by Professor Fessenden, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, for the comparison of the amount of electricity required in ratio to the coal used in a stove or range. His results corresponded with some rough experiments of my own in proving that in the ordinary methods of cooking in the stove or range the ratio of coal to food was far in excess of two pounds of coal to every pound of food. That is to say, measured by quantity, one pound of oil applied in an automatic oven will do the work of fifty to seventy pounds of coal consumed in the customary stove or range.

If any one wishes to try this experiment, the way is very simple. Experiments corresponding to what the writer now suggests have been made by many persons. Bearing in mind that in a very long period unprotected wood may become carbonized, and may possibly be ignited, experiments with wooden ovens should only be tried upon a brick hearth or in a fireplace, where, in the remote event of combustion, no harm will come. Place upon four legs, about eighteen inches high—the height being measured according to the height of the lamp and chimney which are to be used—a sheet of iron two to three feet square, with a hole two and one-half to three inches in diameter in the middle. Around that hole place four bits of stone about the size of ordinary dice. Upon these four supports place a tile, preferably of soapstone, half an inch to an inch thick. If tiles cannot be had, two bricks will serve. Then provide a half-barrel, an indurated fibre wash-tub, or a box of suitable size, to place over the cooking vessels, which may be put upon the tile or bricks or around them. That is an automatic oven with which most excellent work can be done in baking bread, cooking vegetables, roasting meats, and in other ways.



SECTIONAL VIEW SHOWING DEFLECTOR.

The lamp must be kept in good order, no smoke being permitted. As the heat passes directly into this food receptacle, wherein it differs from the Aladdin oven, there will be more drying off or desiccating of the food cooked in open vessels than in the oven, but not more than in the ventilated oven of the ordinary cooking-stove; in fact, not as much.

Having provided this automatic oven, vegetables, meats, puddings, or stews may be prepared in four jars with flat covers. Place these directly upon the tile or brick. Upon the top of these jars place an open pan containing a roast, or a covered pan containing soup stock or materials for a stew. For some purposes the covered pan may be placed directly on the tile, and the jars upon that. A very little practice will indicate the necessary time for completing the cooking and how to place the vessels, but there can be no rule in the use of such crude apparatus, because the time will vary with the thickness of the material of the tub, the box, or the half-barrel. When the walls are thin, an old blanket or felt may be placed over the oven. Of course some kinds of food will require a longer time than others. All these details are given in a book published by the writer, entitled *The Science of Nutrition.* (Damrell & Upham, Boston.)

In order to make this device more effective, a tin tube, open at the bottom, may be placed directly over the hole in the table-top, this tube being fitted with a flat top at about half the height of the barrel or box. The heat will then pass through the walls of the tube, both sideways and at the top, and the top will serve to support the roasting-pan or the stewpan. In this case the products of combustion will not pass into the food-chamber, and the drying of the food will be less. The diagrams will indicate with sufficient accuracy the method of making this crude apparatus.

I venture to suggest that apparatus of this kind may be readily prepared for use in camps or on summer outings. A sheet of metal rolled up, with the necessary legs, coupled with a saw and hammer, may be packed in a barrel, together with lamps, chimneys, a can of oil, and other appliances. At any point to which this barrel can be carried the cooking apparatus may be established by sawing the barrel in two, either into equal proportions, or perhaps in the proportion of two-thirds to be used as an oven for covering the cooking vessels, one-third to be used for a wash-tub. My regular Aladdin oven has been used in camp with great success. I have myself given examples of "sportsmen's dinners" at my own house, cooked supremely under an empty half-barrel. In fact, I know of no process for cooking game equal to the slow, uniform method which may be practised either in the Aladdin oven or under a half-barrel at about 300° Fahrenheit. The juices are all retained and the meat is cooked uniformly throughout, being done to any point which is preferred by the taste of the consumer. Ducks especially can be cooked in this way, excelling any other method.

I also commend the half-barrel oven for cooking a ham. The ham can either be placed in a tin box (large earthen jars being apt to be cracked by differential heat), with a a little water added, or, what I myself prefer, packed in meadow hay, with a few bay-leaves, moistened with a bottle of cider. I may also commend the half-barrel oven for baking beans, which can therein be cooked in perfection; also for New England brown bread, Indian-pudding, and pandowdy. All these articles require a low heat to be maintained a long time, corresponding to that of the old brick oven. All of this work can be done at night if the oven is put in a safe place.

I have raised the heat under an empty half-barrel to five hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and have maintained it evenly at that point for eight hours without any appearance of scorching on the inside. At the same time I again utter the caution not to use wooden ovens except in places where it would be safe to let them burn.

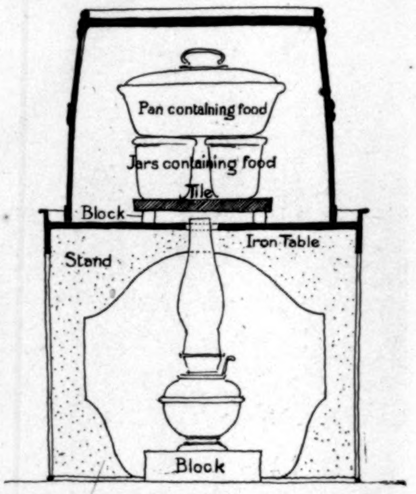
These suggestions have been made in many other publications, notably in a monograph issued by the Department of Agriculture, which, falling into the hands of several correspondents, has brought to me some very interesting letters. Among them a lady in Vermont improvised an oven by taking the top off from a stool, putting on a sheet of iron with a hole in it, under which she placed a lamp, then she inverted over the hole a large tin cracker-box covered with a "cozy" made of an old felt tablecloth and old newspapers. With this apparatus she succeeded perfectly in attaining excellent results, placing this improvised oven on its first trial in a tin bath-tub, putting in the food, and leaving the automatic oven to be worked by the lamp while she went to a concert.

I have stated that a great deal of the complexity in preparing food is due to the necessity of overcoming the high and irregular heat of the stove or range by constant stirring, by moving cooking-vessels from one part of the stove to the other, and by using several processes in cooking one compound, many of the instructions for skimming leading to the removing of the most valuable and nutritious part of the meat itself. I am satisfied that a very large portion of the rules which are given in the cookery-books have happened to be invented empirically, the inventors then registering them without any conception that the same or better results could be attained without the complexity of the several processes thought to be required. My own general instruction for the preparation of food has been given several times in this form: "Take one part of gumption and one part of food material; put them together into a cooking vessel; place the compound in the oven; the lamp will do the rest."

I suggest to any one who will venture upon experimental cookery to set up a box, bucket, or barrel oven, then take any complex receipt from any cookery-book, of course selecting with some judgment, as this is not a universal rule, put the articles named in the receipt together in one vessel, without simmering this, frying that, and parboiling the next, season according to the instructions, place the compound all at once either in a closed or open vessel according to judgment, then put under the half-barrel or box oven, and trust the lamp to do the rest. The flavor may not be the same as that intended by the receipt, but I am satisfied that it is often better.

Again, a very large part of the food material which is carried from the table on the dishes is now wasted. A very simple experiment may be made by having the dishes containing bones, carcasses of poultry, fragments of celery (especially the green tops), cold vegetables, cold toast, cold soup, gravy, etc., placed on a sideboard after dinner. Select the nutritious portions, put them preferably into a crockery vessel, add the cold gravy or the left-over soup, whatever it may be, and some water if needed, put the vessel on the tile, place the half-barrel over it, light a small lamp which will develop a very limited amount of heat, about 200° F., and having placed the cooking apparatus in the open fireplace or on a brick hearth, leave the lamp to work its influence upon the food all night. The result will be a great surprise, and the dish will often take preference over any other dish prepared either for breakfast or for lunch.

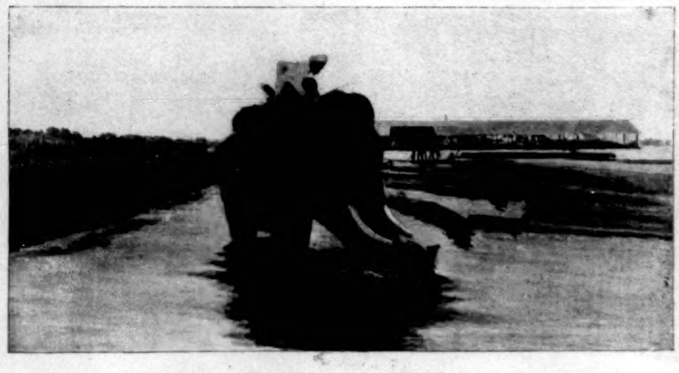
The toughest meats and fowls may be made tender, appetizing, and digestible. Upon suggestions submitted by myself, Principal Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, has caused an oven of five-lamp power to be made of pine plank plastered inside, from which he serves nutritious food of every kind to over six hundred mostly adult students, notably converting the tough beef and mutton of the Black Belt of Alabama into the most appetizing and nutritious conditions.



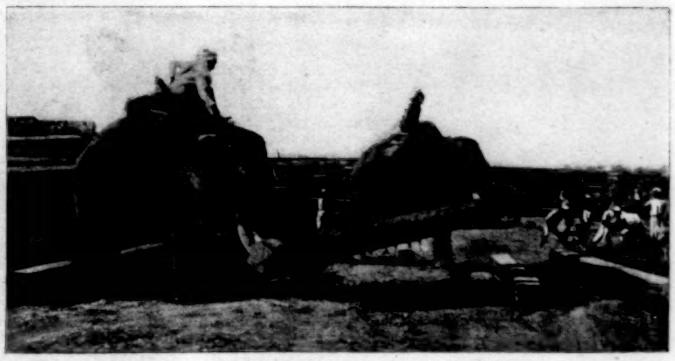
SECTIONAL VIEW OF A BARREL OVEN.

I have reason to say that any one can learn to cook with little trouble in a very short time, because I myself knew little about cooking and nothing about nutrition when I happened to enter upon these experiments. I do not now hesitate to take the entire charge and sometimes do the work of an extensive dinner in order to test some new combination or process. I have given directions to several boys and girls, who never cooked anything before, to prepare five-course dinners on written instructions without assistance, always with success. This may seem incredible, but is true. It justifies the title Automatic Cooking.

Many persons have expressed some surprise that one whose customary work is so far away from the subject dealt with in this article should have taken it up. My attention happened to be called to the subject long ago by



PILOTING LOGS ASHORE,



CO-OPERATIVE LABOR.

the statistics of the proportion which the cost of food and its preparation bears to all the other elements in the cost of living. The more I examined the matter the more plain it appeared that the most arduous and exhaustive work of life is that of women, especially in country farmers' families, who are compelled to do the greater part of the household work of their families in the preparation and cooking of food, often without any assistance, or with the assistance of very ignorant people. I am also convinced that the most potent cause of dyspepsia, and perhaps of intemperance, is bad cooking. The subject gradually took possession of all my leisure time, and for ten years I have found in this investigation the recreation of a very busy life. It is submitted for whatever it may be worth, and if any further information is required upon the subject of ovens or other matters, letters may be addressed to Box 112, Boston. They will be transmitted to the various parties who supply the apparatus with which I have dealt in this article.

The automatic oven has been in process of development for many years. During this period about one thousand ovens have been made, one by one, and sold without any attempt to introduce the apparatus by the usual commercial methods. Orders have been received directly by myself or by my agents, and the caution has always been given that, being made singly by hand, the expense was greater than it would be whenever the work should be completed, the oven finally developed, and then made in large numbers and sold on the customary commercial basis. That time has come. I no longer take any part in making the ovens. That work has how been taken over by a company.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

ELEPHANT WORKERS.

WE had seen many elephants during our Indian journey, and in a variety of occupations, from the temple elephants engaged in their solemn and sleepy processions to the huge and well-groomed animals belonging to the artillery batteries at Quetta and Peshawur on the Afghan frontier, and we had listened to not a few tales of what they could do, sometimes with just a shade of incredulity. It was not till we reached Burmah that we saw for ourselves something of what the elephant is as a worker under circumstances in which his strength and intelligence get a fair chance of displaying themselves. It was here in the great lumber-yards that we for the first time saw the animal really at work, and learned to feel for him the admiration and respect which he so well deserves.

Rangoon is probably the headquarters of the native industry connected with what is, after all, the finest and most useful of all Indian timbers—the teak-wood. It is in upper Burmah that the great forests of this almost invaluable timber are found. The Irrawaddy is the natural water-way which brings the teak timber into the markets of India and the East, and the large square logs are floated in rafts down to Rangoon, there to be sawn into the most marketable shapes and sizes for the market.

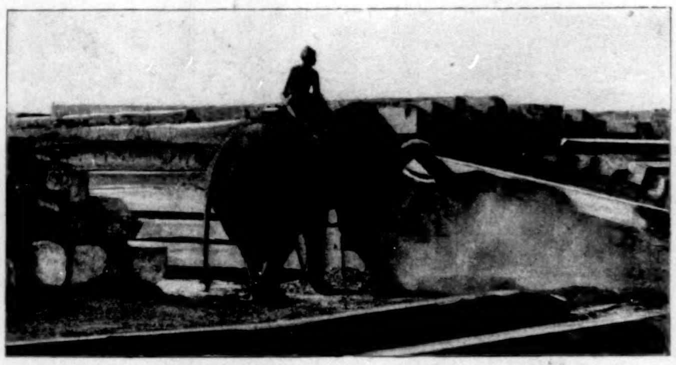
From the moment when the great teak logs have to be fished out of the lagoonlike backwater, in which they float almost sunk by their specific gravity, till the moment when the thin planks used for ship-building, and a hundred other purposes to which the wood is put, are finally turned out of the yard, it is the elephant worker that does nearly all that requires intelligence, and absolutely all that calls for the exertion of great strength in the operations of the yard. The huge animal shown in our picture piloting one of the logs to the yard does his work with a quiet intelligence which renders him quite independent of the directions and advice given him by the native perched aloft on his shoulders. It seems to be quite enough to suggest to him that a log is to be got on shore, and the rest may be left at least as safely to his judgment as, and a good deal more safely to his diligence and energy than it could be to that of his rider. It is the trunk that is used for the operation, and that in a way which was a surprise to us. We had supposed that for such purposes the trunk would be wound round the thing to be drawn or propelled, but this is not the case. The end of the trunk only is brought into contact with the log, and in some way—probably by force of suction—holds it firmly enough to propel a log of perhaps three tons' weight easily and even rapidly through the water.

There are about a dozen elephants employed in the work of the yard, and all of these but one are males. This may, and probably does, arise from the fact that the males are usually larger and stronger than the female elephants, but, judging from the specimen we saw, it cannot be from any superiority of intelligence on the part of the male animal. The solitary female worker, indeed, is a veritable maid-of-all-work about the yard, and no kind of work appears to come amiss to her. At one time she may be seen holding a log up to the saw when at work, either endwise or across, as occasion may require; at another she is dragging the slabs away with the end of her trunk, and piling them in heaps with all the regularity and skill of the most neat-handed workman; at a third she is making a stack of the sawn boards, or sweeping the sawdust from the mill-house floor with a gigantic broom. The meaning of the whistle to knock off work is not better known to any workman on the place than to her, and it is no easy matter to induce her to do a single trunk's turn when the signal has once sounded. True to the traditions of her sex, she came within a very little of destroying Mr. Jackson's camera in her too inquisitive desire to examine its internal mechanism.

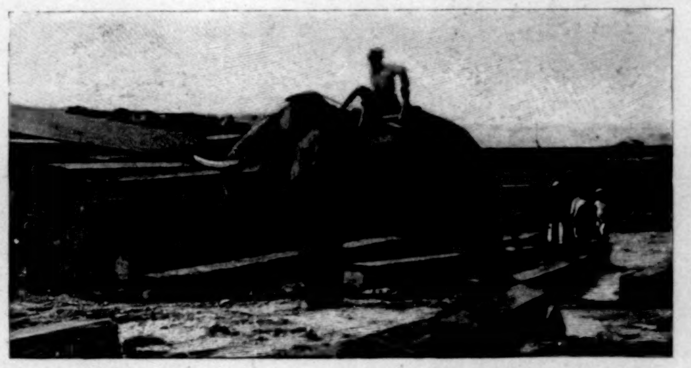
The log, once piloted to shore, will, at the word of command, if not of a greater weight than about a ton and a half, be prized up by the animal's tusk, and then grasped with the trunk carefully and exactly in the middle, and carried, as shown in our picture, to the spot where it is wanted. Arrived at the heap of logs in the yard, he will place one end on the ground and the other on the heap, and then proceed with the most systematic care to push it up and adjust it with the point of his tusks.

You cannot overload an elephant, however, for the animal will at once refuse any load which he considers beyond his strength, and there is practically no appeal from the elephant's opinion on such a question. In case of a log being brought ashore which seems to be too large and heavy for a single elephant, a second is called to his assistance, and the two animals proceed quietly to pick it up by the extreme ends and carry it, as shown in the picture, to the required heap, where they deposit it with the utmost care, even examining it critically to see that it is perfectly in line with the rest of the stack. For this and all other nice processes of adjustment the point of the trunk is the instrument used, and it appears to be as sensitive as a musician's fingers, yet as strong, and, if need be, as rigid, as a bar of steel.

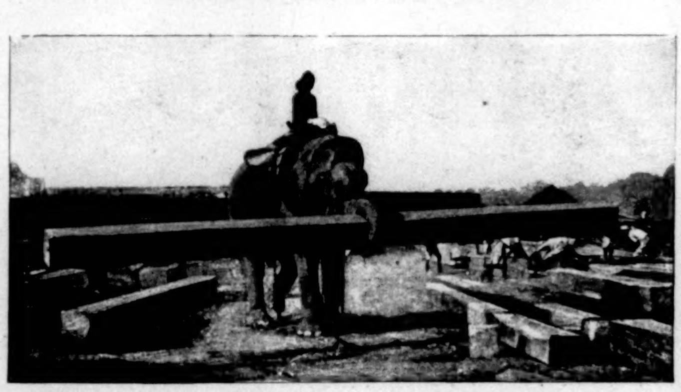
It has been said that an elephant can do everything but speak, and, indeed, we were often disposed to doubt whether there was even this exception. Whatever emotion one of these animals feels he seems ready to express in sound, and so various are the modulations of his voice, and so ready their sympathy and apparent comprehension of one another, that we could hardly doubt that the impression that elephants cannot speak was due rather to our ignorance than to their want of the power of making themselves understood. The elephant is very liable to sunstroke, especially when working in the water, and even on shore he is generally furnished with a cover for his head during the hours of the greatest heat. A good elephant is of such value that his health is not to be risked lightly, and, indeed, after we had seen what they could do, we were inclined to go further, and say that a well-trained elephant is absolutely invaluable for heavy labor in a climate such as that in which he finds his natural home.



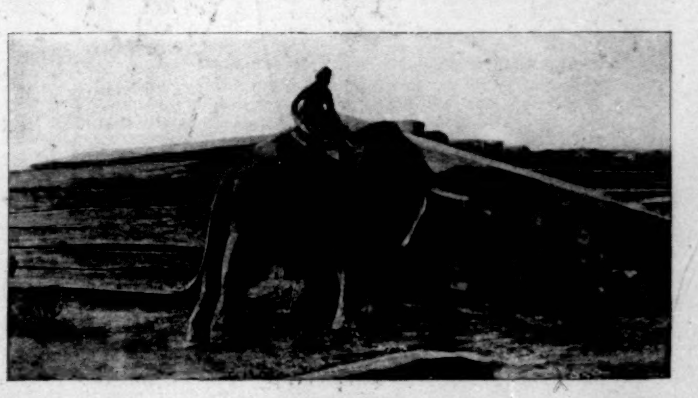
PILING LOGS.



ADJUSTING A LOG.

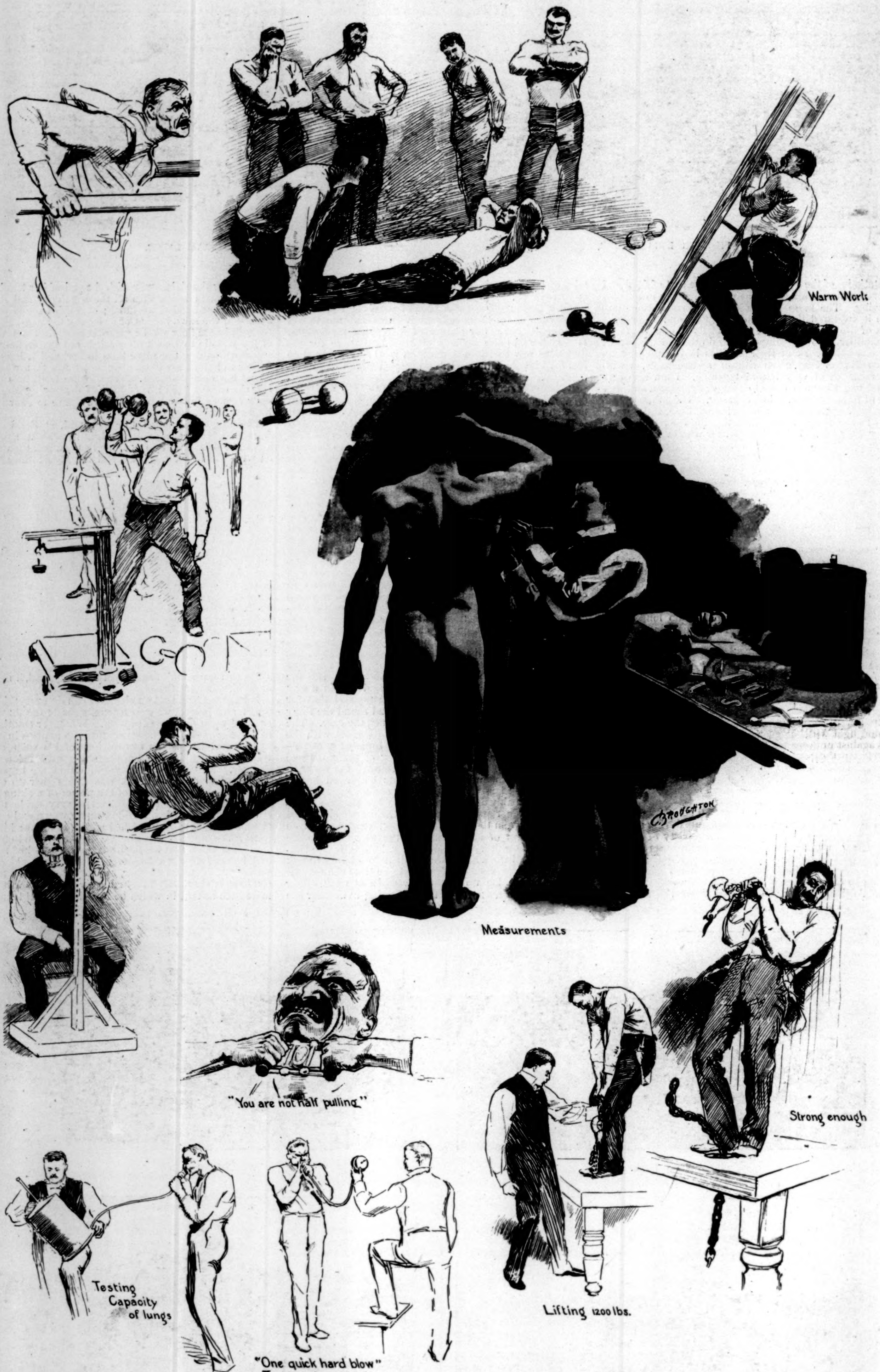


A LONE-HAND WORKER.

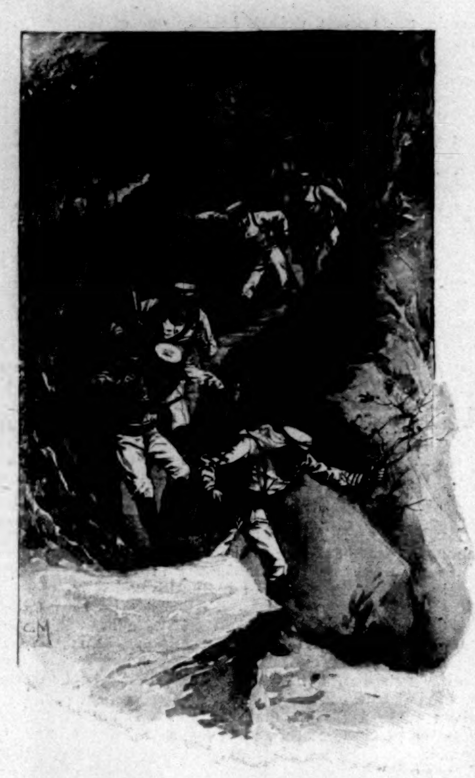


A MOMENT'S REST.

Photographs by W. H. Jackson.


Warm Work
C. BROUGHTON
Measurements
"You are not half pulling"
Strong enough
Testing Capacity of lungs
Lifting 1200 lbs.
"One quick hard blow" Testing strength of lungs.

PHYSICAL EXAMINATION OF APPLICANTS FOR THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE—PUTTING PROSPECTIVE PATROLMEN THROUGH THEIR PACES.—DRAWN BY CHARLES BROUGHTON.—[SEE PAGE 1213.]

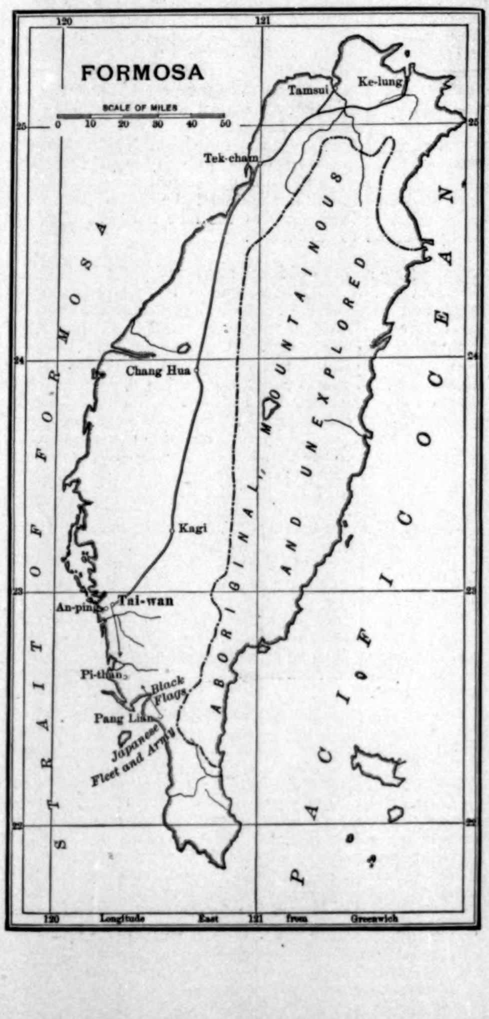


JAPANESE CARRYING MOUNTAIN GUNS IN FORMOSA.
After a War Cartoon by a Japanese Artist.

THE JAPANESE IN FORMOSA.

THE victors and veterans from Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei have been spending the summer in Formosa. They exchanged the ice and snow of Manchooria for the tropic heats of Formosa. From standing in snow while fighting they have had to hew their way through bamboo jungles. Steadily skirmishing and fighting from June 1st to October 15th, their hardships were even greater in many cases than when fighting the northern Chinese. At least 50,000 Japanese soldiers have been sent to the island. The famous Black Flags, who had humiliated the French in Tong-king, were expected to make a stand against the Mikado's soldiers, but after bushwhacking they failed to make a final rally. They have unconditionally surrendered. Formosa has now no organized enemies opposed to the sun-banner, and again "the empire is grateful for universal peace." So long as the Black Flags could fight with all geographical and climatic advantages against unprepared and unacclimated groups of French soldiers, they could fill the newspapers with their fame. Against the solid discipline and thorough preparation of the best army in Asia they wilted. The first work of the Japanese in Formosa was one of extraordinary difficulty; the last was "as easy as splitting a bamboo."

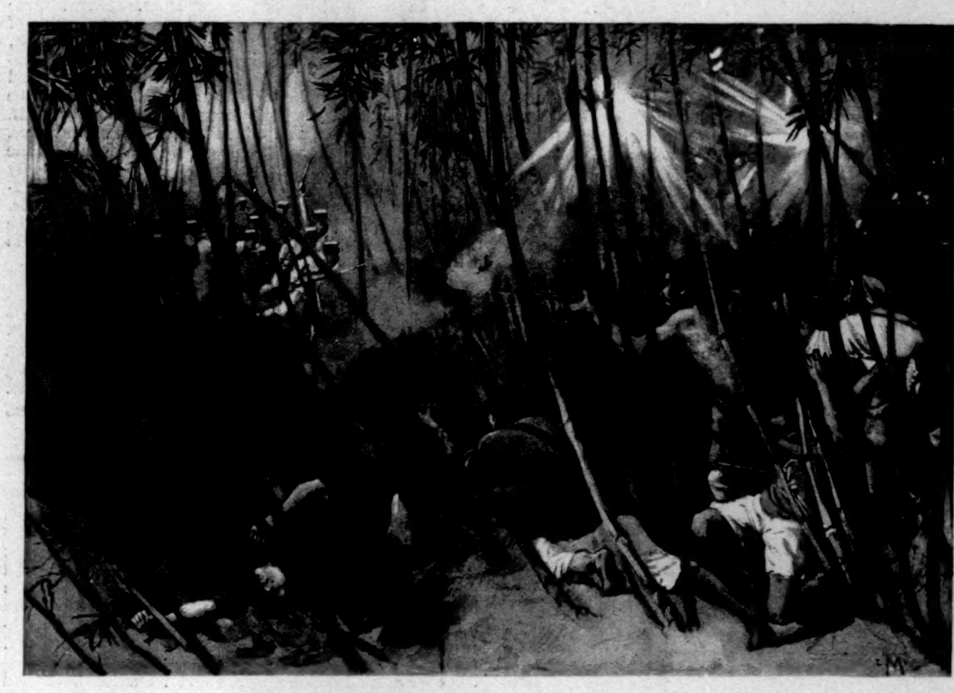
The treaty of Shimonoséki stipulated that at the end of two months the Chinese government should transfer Formosa to the flag and crown of Japan. Probably the Peking government acted in all good faith, but thousands of the Chinese property-holders, military, naval, and civil officials, and, above all, the great horde of Hakka tramps, did not relish giving up their business, posts, revenues, or plunder. Many of them were, moreover, filled with hatred, and resolved to give the conquerors all the trouble possible. The leader of the mischief-makers was Liu, the Formosa millionaire, who owned so much land and property, and controlled largely the sugar industry. Liu is a descendant of the chief lieutenant of the celebrated Chinese pirate Koxinga, who drove the Dutch out of Formosa at the end of the Ming dynasty. The ancestor of Liu divided up the most fertile part of the island, the principal share naturally falling into the hands of the family which exists at the present day. Liu was a very high-class mandarin, was the chief personage in Formosa, and is said to have furnished nearly $8,000,000 to the Peking government during the last fifteen years. Rumor has it that he offered $5,000,000 to the Japanese to be allowed to retain his immense estates in the island and to become a Japanese citizen. In point of fact, he was the chief agitator in getting up the so-called and the very short-lived "Republic," and in importing, arming, and paying the Black Flags. In his correspondence with Admiral Kabayama, just previous to his surrender and flight to China last month, he claims to have received no orders from the Chinese Emperor, and professed ignorance of the transfer of ownership, withal twitting the Japanese military on their inability to enter the heart of China.



Undoubtedly the Japanese expected at first an easy occupation of the island. They formed a Board of Administration on a purely civil basis, expecting to use soldiery only as police, and to overcome the savage aborigines. On May 24th a fleet of fourteen transports carried the Imperial Guards from Port Arthur, landing them at Ke-lung May 30th. Almost immediately they found that the country was infested with the infamous and murderous tramps called the Hakka, that the Black Flags were numerous, that the semi-savage natives and many Chinese were in arms against them. The villages were everywhere placarded with incendiary statements that Russia's aid was assured, and that the Japanese would be unable to conquer Formosa; moreover, that they were barbarously cruel, and should be resisted to the last.

Then began four months of pretty steady fighting, under the direction of General Oshima. Some of the battles engaged as many as eight or ten thousand men in all. Nearly all the topographical advantages were with the Chinese, who seized the heights and fought on all the hills which covered the valleys and defiles, so that amid the intense heat the Japanese had to fight and climb. The bamboo thickets of Formosa resemble in some respects the jungles of India, and much of the fighting was like that of our Western settlers against invisible foes in the old days before the forests were cut down. Besides the native home-made weapons, these men of the thicket were often armed with Martini, Mauser, and Remington rifles. In many cases they possessed artillery, and used their mountain guns with effect. Most of the young men specially enlisted for the "Republic," so-called, had on their breasts, in large ideographs, "Volunteer." In moving through the country the Japanese found the inhabitants for the most part very peaceably disposed, so long as the soldiers were in force, but the moment they moved on and away, the ammunition and provision trains were almost invariably attacked. Detached parties after water, forage men and convoys, were sure to be picked off or assassinated. Even the women showed a ferocity that was astounding. In certain cases large portions of the northern part of the island were pacified by the Japanese, but as soon as the soldiery retired the enemy came down from the hills to plunder and murder as before. Besides the hill and thicket fights, a considerable number of walled towns and three or four larger cities had to be occupied, often after severe bombardment of the gates and street fighting. The forts at the seaports were taken by co-operation of fleet and army, the captured Chinese battle-ship assisting. The record of Japanese valor was as uniform as in the northern campaign. The veterans, in their light clothing, with their smokeless powder, their splendid discipline, and unquailing bravery won their way steadily, though not without losses, which, it is not absurd to suppose, may be really as great as in the northern war. Yet whenever the cheer "Banzai" was raised, success was sure to follow. The line of conquest was from the north to the south. Ke-lung (which is only the Chinese sound of the name of a Japanese hero in the early days of Japanese occupation centuries ago) and Tamsui were first occupied. Then the country between the northern sea-coast and the hill ranges was brought into order. Thence to the southwest the army moved along the railroad (which the Chinese tore up from between Shanghai and Woo-sung a few years ago and laid down in Formosa) to Tek-cham. From this point the movement towards the Black Flags, who were collecting and fortifying themselves in the south, was still overland, despite the intense heat and heavy rain; for until well into September the monsoon blowing up the Formosa channel made marine operations exceedingly difficult. Steadily southward the army moved, capturing and occupying the various towns, especially the large and solid city of Chang Hua. Toward the end of September the fleets were able to land re-enforcements in the south at Pang Liau, and all preparations were made for a grand battle which should annihilate the Black Flags and end all organized opposition. The Japanese demand was unconditional surrender, and this after some negotiation was acceded to.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL OSHIMA,
The Hero of Ping-Yang, in charge of the Field Operations in Formosa.



SKIRMISH IN BAMBOO THICKET WITH ABORIGINES. FORMOSA.
After a War Cartoon by a Japanese Artist.

Japanese ships, both under sail and steam, have been for months, and are now even more so, busy in transporting soldiers, civilians, and emigrants of all sorts to China. It was with unconcealed satisfaction that the Japanese at home hear of this, for they see openings for abundant immigration from the home land, besides tempting opportunities for new industries and the development of Formosa's magnificent resources. There will of course be difficulties with the savage aborigines who live in the almost unknown and unexplored eastern half of the island. To the long list of those already disabled or slain by such generals as Heat, Fever, Malaria, and Various Diseases there will be added many more victims, but all signs point to rapid submission of the aborigines to the Japanese. These have already demonstrated in 1874 and in centuries gone by their abilities to get along well with these people, who in so many points resemble their own ancestors.

Formosa's camphor forests, so rich in material for celluloid, smokeless powder, in the arts and for medicines; her mountain slopes, with their amazing variety of timber, and productive of almost every kind of drugs and spices; her vast tea-gardens, her sugar plantations, her rivers running sands of gold, her rice-fields—lie ready for fresh development. There are four ports open to commerce, Ke-lung, Tamsui, Tai-wan, and Takow. The total foreign trade last year (1894) amounted to $12,895,779. The single railroad in the north, now but a few leagues long, will, before many years, be extended the length of the island. Japanese genius, enterprise, and industry at this high-water mark of their energy will doubtless transform the island, and make this Land of the Morning-Glory also the tea and sugar garden of the Pacific.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE New York State Convention called by Governor Clinton to take action on the Federal Constitution met at the Court-house at Poughkeepsie on the 17th of June (Bunker Hill day), 1788. Hamilton, Livingston, and Jay were among the delegates, and on them, and especially upon Hamilton, rested the burden of persuading their fellow-members that the Constitution ought to be adopted. There were sixty delegates present, and a large majority were opposed to ratification. The opposition was stubborn, but the advocates of the Constitution were very able and devoted, and on the 26th of July the unconditional ratification by New York was secured. Such was the importance and the geographical position of New York that the Union could hardly have existed without her. Very justly the day on which its delegates accepted the Constitution is held to be one of the memorable days in American history. The Poughkeepsie Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution propose that it shall be commemorated by a suitable memorial, and are going to ask the New York Legislature for an appropriation for that purpose. They have a strong case, and it is hard to see how our representative patriots at Albany can fail to meet their desires.

The WEEKLY is informed that its article of September 28th on the projected revival of the Olympic Games gives somewhat overmuch credit to Mr. Demetrius Bikelas when it says that he originated the idea of the new games. The honor of having initiated the movement is claimed by Baron Pierre de Couberties, the present General Secretary of the International Olympic Committee, who published a paper on the subject in 1892, and whose plan, it appears, was adopted by the Paris congress in June, 1894.

The Society for the Encouragement and Preservation of Indian Art (London) has issued a pamphlet which is devoted to consideration of the "superbly illustrated paper, by Mr. Edwin L. Weeks, on Indian Art," in HARPER'S MONTHLY for September. The pamphlet expresses warm interest in Mr. Weeks's paper, and trusts that by its wide circulation it may induce persons interested in Indian decorative art to seek out S. E. P. I. A. and join it. At the same time it adventures some expert criticisms on some of Mr. Weeks's statements and opinions. It thinks him somewhat over-pessimistic in his view of the attitude of the British Indian government toward indigenous movements, and seems to have somewhat better hopes than he for the future of such examples of Indian art as may get in the way of British enterprise. It takes him to task for relying too implicitly on the statements of Fergusson about the Taj Mahal, and mentions such later authorities as Sir William Hunter's *Gazeteer* and Murray's *Hand-books* as worthy of his attention. It also credits the testimony of Father Manrique that the Taj Mahal was entirely designed by a European architect, Geronimo Verroneo. Other "surface blemishes" in Mr. Weeks's paper the pamphlet undertakes to set right, and picks flaws in some of his allusions to Indian history, but, on the whole, its strictures are subordinated to its appreciation of the high value of the paper to the cause which the society has most at heart.

Mr. Albert Vandam, the author of *An Englishman in Paris*, has been hunting "on the trail of Trilby" in Paris, and publishes the results of his quest in the December *Forum*. Besides giving the true names of streets and localities which figure in Mr. Du Maurier's story, and various information about them, he has something of especial interest to say about the susceptibility of painters' models to hypnotic influences. It seems that in their poses, which are often wearisome, they are apt to bring themselves as nearly as possible to a state of unconsciousness, and when in that condition are curiously receptive of the impressions of another person's will. Mr. Vandam finds a striking facial likeness between Trilby as Mr. Du Maurier has drawn her and Elise Duval, a model of fame in Paris of a period about twenty years subsequent to the Trilby era. The Duval, it seems, was not infrequently hypnotized by mischievous art students, and had some unpleasant experiences in consequence. Mr. Vandam cannot get rid of the idea that there is a connection between Trilby and her, notwithstanding the disparity of dates. As far as the physical likeness goes his case would seem stronger if Trilby were not obviously a first cousin to almost every pretty girl Mr. Du Maurier has drawn in the last twenty-five years.

On December 6th the orators of Yale and Princeton met at Princeton and discussed whether it would be wise to establish, in respect of all State legislation, a system of referendum like that in Switzerland. Three young men from Princeton held that it would; three from Yale opposed it. Senator Gray, of Delaware, presided at the debate, and Messrs. C. C. Beaman, James C. Carter, and Francis L. Stetson, of New York, were the judges. Pictures of all the intellectual athletes engaged have appeared in the newspapers, and it is interesting to observe that fifty per cent. of them wear eye-glasses. The three Princeton men were all undergraduates. Of the Yale men, one was a theological student, and one a law student. First the contestants spoke in turn, each twelve minutes, their arguments being followed by four five-minute speeches, two on each side. Yale won by a score of two to one, one of the judges being favorable to Princeton. After the debate a supper was given to the Yale speakers at the Princeton Inn, whereat Mr Charles B. Alexander was toast-master, and speeches were made by President Patton, Professor Hadley, of Yale, and other good men.

Interest in these inter-collegiate debates is decidedly on the increase, and they promise to become an important feature of inter-collegiate intercourse. Zeal in debate at Yale is reported to have been perceptibly stimulated by the recent election of a debater of note to one of the Senior societies.

It might have been supposed that every one who knew anything about contemporary American fiction knew all about Miss Mary E. Wilkins, of Randolph, Massachusetts, and was aware of her reputation as an author. It appears, however, that there are some people at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, doing business under the name of "The Allen Morton United Syndicate Press," who affect never to have heard of her, and to be unaware of her existence. There would be no harm in their lack of literary information if it were not that they have been offering for sale to various newspapers a story entitled "'Thanksgiving Day at Whitcomb Farm,' by the well-known writer of New England stories, Mary E. Wilkins." Their explanation is that there is a person named Mary E. Wilkins living at Ross, Pennsylvania, who writes the stories they sell. Their specious enterprise has caused the real Miss Wilkins some disquietude, which has been aggravated by the rumor of the publication of a book with her name to it by publishers as yet unknown. It is hardly necessary to say that there is but one Mary E. Wilkins who can truthfully be described as "the well-known writer of New England stories," and that she lives in Massachusetts, and that no Pittsburg syndicate has any of her stories to sell. Under all the circumstances it seems not unreasonable to suspect that the Allen Morton United Syndicate Press of Pittsburg's affectation of ignorance of any but the Ross Mary E. Wilkins is somewhat disingenuous.

The decision of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum not to accept the Renwick pictures is imparted with due courtesy and regret, unaccompanied by any expression of opinion as to the quality of the paintings. Mr. Renwick, it will be remembered, believed his pictures to be examples of the work of old masters of high renown, and left his collection to the museum, on condition that it be accepted as a whole, and kept together in a room by itself. The gift may have been declined because of its conditions, or because the quality of the pictures did not warrant the acceptance of them. Mr. Renwick's executors probably know the trustees' reasons, which it was obviously inexpedient to communicate to the general public. If Mr. Renwick's heirs keep the paintings, as is reported to be their intention, the curiosity of folks in general about them is likely to go unappeased.

There is a rumor of the possibility of the establishment of a new university, maintained by adherents of the single-tax idea, and to be called "The International University of America." The rumor includes the proposition that Henry George shall be the institution's first president, but it does not implicate him as a consenting candidate, nor as an associate in the prospective labor of raising funds.

At the first meeting of the American Society for the Improvement of Speech, the other night, Professor Babbitt, of Columbia, president of the National Dialect Society, read a paper on Average Vocabulary. Being asked afterwards who of our modern writers of English used the best vocabulary, he said (as reported in the newspapers): "Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, uses more transparent and pure English than any one else I know. Mark Twain knows what he wants to say, and says it. Howells and some others are elegant, but Henry James falls over backward in his effort to support the dignity of the language. Charles Dudley Warner, possibly, surpasses them all, but James Russell Lowell, under whom I studied, never had a peer in choice of words."

When we remember that the Boston dialect is very generally held to be the best English spoken in America, it becomes interesting to notice that none of the living American writers mentioned by Professor Babbitt originated in Massachusetts.

A friend of Eugene Field, who was extremely amused by a certain *Chap-Book* narrative of a London dinner-table conversation between Field and Mrs. Humphry Ward, wrote to Mr. Field inquiring if the story was really true. The reply was:

> "The story in the *Chap-Book* is poorly told, but it is true. My remark about having been caught in a tree was but part of a conversation I had with Mrs. Ward. We were dining at Lang's, and the subject under discussion was Barnum's circus—then showing in London. I said that I felt under lasting obligations to Barnum, for he had discovered me and caught me when I lived in a tree in Missouri. We talked also about the Cronin case. Mrs. Ward asked me if I knew the murderers. I answered that I knew them intimately, and that the hanging of Burke (whom you will recall as the most brutal of the murderers) would be a grievous blow to Chicago society. In this and other similar ways I made the hour particularly interesting to Mrs. Ward, Professor Leckey, and others near me at that dinner."

It would be a help to our knowledge of Mrs. Ward if we could know just what sort of impression Mr. Field's information left upon her mind.

The last time the significance of that very versatile and comprehensive word "gentleman" came up for discussion in the present writer's hearing one of the talkers was reminded of the amusing experience of an American woman in Scotland. She had been studying to be a trained nurse, and went abroad in the summer. In Edinburgh she undertook to buy a mackintosh. She found one that suited her, but the price was too high. She said to the shop-girl: "I have to work for my living, and I can't afford to pay so much. You must sell it to me cheaper." "Wait a minute," said the girl, and went to the rear of the shop, to the proprietor, and said, "That person would like this cloak, but she says she's not a lady, and wants a reduction." Whether she got the cloak or not did not appear, but unquestionably she got a very surprising illustration of the difference between the meaning of the word "lady" in Scotland and its meaning in the United States.

The WEEKLY has received an interesting and very painstaking communication from Madame Augusta Joly, of Mauritius, who, "finding herself in a sad position, and being at the same time widow of six children," humbly and respectfully desires to learn the whereabouts of her brother Nicles Joly, who set out from Mauritius about twenty years ago, and has hitherto neglected to write home. A letter addressed to "Augusta Joly, Mauritius, to the kind care of the American consulate," would reach her.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

MR. EDWARD E. AYER, of Chicago, has long been known among bookmen as an enthusiastic collector of Americana and as the owner of a large library in this department. He has just made a gift of his entire collection to the Newberry Library, with the understanding that the books, although accessible to students, shall remain in his own house during his lifetime. The condition is also attached that in case Mr. Ayer's estate at his death amounts to less than a certain sum (not publicly stated), the books shall be offered to the library at a low price instead of being given outright. This condition, which is nothing more than the precaution of a prudent man against the unforeseen, is not, however, likely to amount to anything. Mr. Ayer's collection embraces about five thousand numbers, is very rich in early voyages and histories, and a small fortune has been expended upon the bindings. As the Newberry Library, under the guidance of the late W. F. Poole, had already made an excellent start in the line of Americana, it was peculiarly fitting that it should be made the recipient of Mr. Ayer's valuable collection. The other great library founded in Chicago by private endowment—the John Crerar Library—has taken temporary quarters in a centrally situated business building, and the rooms are now being fitted up under the direction of Mr. C. W. Andrews, the librarian. The Crerar endowment fund now amounts to nearly three millions, having increased greatly in value since Mr. Crerar's death. The trustees of the fund have come to a wise decision concerning a building. They will occupy rented quarters for a number of years, meanwhile reserving about one-half of the income from the endowment for a building fund. When they at last get a building of their own they will have the full income from their three million dollars to run it with. This policy is in striking contrast to that pursued by the Newberry trustees, who have sunk about a million of their endowment fund in a building, thus crippling their resources forever. A pile of architecture, however magnificent, is too dearly bought at such a price. Half a dozen years from now the Crerar Library will have a building quite as serviceable, although not perhaps as imposing, as that now occupied by the Newberry collections, and will have, besides, an annual income at least twice as great.

The Chicago Music Trade Association has undertaken to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the late George F. Root. The object is a worthy one, and few citizens of Chicago have been so deserving of an honor of this sort. But the monument, if it should be erected, ought not to result from a merely local sentiment. The memory of Dr. Root, dear to the city in which he lived and died, is dear also to the patriotism of the entire country, and whatever appeal may be made by the committee in charge of the enterprise should meet with a warm response from all parts of the land. The nation will not soon forget the inspiring songs that led our armies to so many a victory, and brought consolation to so many a sorrowing household, nor should it be willing to forget the fine grave lineaments of the face that was until recently familiar to our streets.

Some time ago the Chicago newspapers got hold of the fact that Dr. W. L. Phelps, one of the younger men at Yale, had planned a course in English fiction for the present year. The fact was made much of as a startling innovation in college methods. But cold print was not adequate to do the matter justice, and resort was had to illustration. Unfortunately the only collegiate Phelps that had ever been heard of in journalistic circles was the distinguished Professor E. J. Phelps, and comment upon the subject was pointed by the venerable physiognomy of our ex-minister to the Court of St. James, which provided a somewhat startling exemplification of the dangers that lurk in the path of the pictorial daily newspaper. The account of the Yale experiment has since been exploited a number of times by the Chicago press, and has at last drawn a remonstrance from members of the English faculty of the University of Chicago, who take pains to point out that there is nothing new in the idea, that courses in fiction have been given in their own university from the start, and that every progressive institution, as a matter of course, makes modern fiction a part of the study of English literature. The newspapers are now lying in wait for another educational sensation with which to regale a confiding public.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

A LARGE number of Boston people met at the rooms of the "Twentieth Century Club" on December 5th and organized a "Play-goers' Club," to be like the club formed in London about ten years ago for the furtherance of intelligent dramatic criticism among play-goers to whom the stage was a serious interest. It is purposed that this Boston club shall have rooms where, at regular meetings, the members should meet to listen to addresses on dramatic subjects directly suggested by current production, to discuss the merits and demerits of such performances as may at the time be attracting public attention, and in general to make the best thought and taste of Boston felt in the dramatic life of the city.

It is not intended that the social side of the club shall be neglected, but the purpose of the club is announced to be "primarily serious," and it is expected by the projectors that its influence will be felt and respected, and that it will tend toward a higher standard of excellence for the Boston stage.

A Boston newspaper has recently described Yvette Guilbert in this poetic language:

"She has always been a striver, has this frail-built young French woman, with the slenderness of Diana and the earnestness of Fanny Davenport. And if passing sorrows have not furrowed the nacre of her white forehead, if tears have not reddened her blond eyes, it was because her forehead was of pure Paros, and because tears under her golden lashes turned to a limpid rose-water that preserved the little blue flower of poesy which struggled to live in the large pale eyeballs.

Some astronomers in New York have recently declared their doubts as to the existence of canals in Mars, and they seem to be of the opinion that Mr. Percival Lowell's eye is perverted by too much romance. It seems that these gentlemen have never seen the canals themselves, and until they do they will doubt the existence of them. Perhaps, after all, the canals will turn out to be mere parallels of latitude and longitude, such as are exhibited on school globes. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

On Tuesday, the 3d, the Horse Show opened, the exhibition to continue till the 7th. The first show was held just a year ago, and was more successful than the most sanguine of its promoters had expected. Besides a remarkable display of that horseflesh for which California is famous, some of the renowned and priceless stallions and broodmares from the Haggin Rancho del Paso were exhibited, not for competition, but to signify their owner's personal approval and endorsement of the enterprise. So successful was this first exhibition that it was followed by the incorporation of the Pacific Coast Horse Show Association, with a capital of $100,000. This year efforts have been made to render it even more brilliant than its predecessor. The list of prizes, ordinary and special, represents a value of $20,000, nearly three times as much as that of 1894.

While a fine display of equine beauty is to be expected at a California Horse Show, it was matter of uncertainty whether the showing of equipages and road turnouts generally would be as admirable as the animals that drew them. San Francisco, despite its genial climate, is not well situated for riding or driving, the city being on a peninsula, much of which is still unreclaimed sand dunes. Moreover, the old Western ideal of the horse as an animal for speed rather than for show still obtains on the Pacific slope, the turnout of the real horse-lover being the light running buggy, drawn by a pair of long-limbed, fleet-footed roadsters with sweeping tails. The chunky hackney with his stub of tail, the heavy cart, and cumbrous harness of the Eastern thoroughfares are looked upon by the Pacific as stylish, perhaps, but as affording the driver neither the amusements of swift travelling nor the excitement of managing a mettlesome steed. Many a good Californian who has the courage of his convictions has returned from a visit to New York loudly voicing his scorn at the glittering, slow-rolling parade of ponderous vehicles which rumbles along Fifth Avenue and into the Park on sunny afternoons. The wealthier Californians, however, have visited the East, adopted its fashions, and have brought to the exhibition coaches, drags, and brakes that would pass muster in a Newport parade. Even the home-keeping native Don, who clings to the tail of his horse as its proudest ornament, has had to dock its luxuriance if he wanted a blue ribbon, or even to be highly commended. Last year one of the finest of the coaches lost its prize because the two men in the back persisted in retaining their mustaches. The following of the Eastern model is correct enough in the class of exhibits to which it is suitable, but it seems a pity that in a Californian Horse Show there should be no exhibition of the Californian driving which made the old stage-drivers the most daring and dexterous Jehus of their age—a form of driving as unknown in the East as was the riding of the vaqueros and cowboys till introduced there by Colonel Cody.

A prize contest for the encouragement of art in California has been set afoot by Mr. James Phelan, president of the San Francisco Art Association, and the son of one of the millionaire pioneers. Mr. Phelan has offered a thousand dollars in prizes, to be competed for by any native artist resident in the State, the work to be a picture on one of three subjects—The Discovery of the Pacific Ocean by Balboa; the Discovery of the Bay of San Francisco by Portola; the Discovery of California by Cabrillo. The object is praiseworthy. Whether the work produced will be so is another question. Artists working for contests upon set subjects are not usually at their best. Portola, the discoverer of San Francisco Bay, past which Drake had previously sailed without finding it, is kept in the mind by the cross raised to his memory on the summit of one of the city's outlying sand hills. But Balboa and Cabrillo have died out of men's memories and off their tongues. It will be a good work to revive these three romantic figures of the picturesque days of the Spanish occupation.

A use for the balloon sleeves, that even the sombre prophet Ezekiel did not think beneath his fulminations, was shown by Mrs. Mary Morrison some days ago at Port Townsend, in Washington. The lady had crossed over from Victoria, and while in transit had attracted the suspicious eye of a custom-house officer by the exceedingly bouffant appearance of her costume. Upon investigation it was found that five cans of opium were concealed in her sleeves. Her daughter, a girl of twelve, who accompanied her, was allowed to step outside, where she relieved her feelings by a burst of tears, and her person of twelve tins of the precious drug, which the well-trained child dexterously threw into a vacant lot. G. M. B.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

No sentry on the crumbling wall,
  No warden at the rusted gate;
The vines o'er empty court-yards fall,
While silent is the banquet hall,
  And the tall tower is desolate.

At peace upon the mountain brow
  The gray stone pile rests silently—
No raiders storm the castle now,
There is no twang of archer's bow,
  Time is the only enemy.

Flavel Scott Mines.

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, who died December 8th, at Brighton, England, had been ill at that place for many months. The close of his life was sorrowful, and adversities closed in upon him. He lost what money he had saved in a weekly paper, which failed, and this disaster seemed to have sapped what was left of his health. It takes money and strength to die comfortably, and neither was left to Mr. Sala. He died sadly, a pensioner of the London newspaper he served so long and well.

But sombre as his last days were, he was a man who, on the whole, got an extraordinary deal out of life. What he got was not of a kind or quality to make it prized by every one, but undoubtedly it suited him. He did apparently what he was suited to do, and did it in such vast measure and with such a strenuous prolongation of energy, that his career is edifying and memorable as an example of what it was possible for a nineteenth-century London newspaper man to do and to see and to know in the course of forty years devoted to the active practice of his profession. He was born in London in 1828, the son of an Italian gentleman and an English singer. His education was precarious, and very irregular and incomplete, but about 1850 he found himself in London dependent upon his own efforts for his support, with eyes in his head, out of one of which he could see clearly, and with the early symptoms of an ability to write down in readable English what he saw with it. During the next two-score years his chief business was seeing things and telling about them, and it seems doubtful if any man ever saw more or told about it to the satisfaction of a greater number of his contemporaries in the same space of time. He got his first start from Dickens, who bought from him an article sent to *Household Words*. After working for five or six years for that and other magazines he began, in 1857, his labors for the London *Daily Telegraph*. They continued until 1892, when he started *Sala's Journal*, a venture that turned out badly and swept away his savings. He worked for the *Telegraph* both as editorial writer and as correspondent. He did many other things besides—wrote various stories and books, and edited magazines, one of which, *Temple Bar*, was very successful—but his real life's work was done for the *Telegraph*. His gifts were precisely suited to the needs of that paper. He was a workman of immense energy and diligence, and could make day after day an enormous amount of "copy." In the service of the *Telegraph* he saw nearly all the great shows and great people of Europe between 1857 and 1890, and described them. He seems to have delighted in great sights and in narration. He was called the best story-teller in Europe, and that means, among other things, that he could catch the most interesting phases of what he saw and communicate them. He made a journey to Russia in 1856 for *Household Words*; in 1863 he came to America, and spent a year as the correspondent of the *Telegraph*; he served that journal as war correspondent in 1870, and after witnessing the fall of the Empire in Paris went to Rome to see the Italian army enter the Eternal City. As correspondent he saw the entry of Alfonso XII. into Spain, and the fêtes at Venice at the meeting of Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel. In the same service he went again to Russia in 1876, and traversed the length and breadth of that country. For the same paper he twice visited Algeria, saw Morocco and Turkey, the Paris Exposition of 1867, and that at Vienna in 1874. The scope of his experiences is amazing. He saw Louis Philippe when he was King of the French, he was with Garibaldi in the Tyrol, he heard Daniel O'Connell make a speech, he knew Lord Palmerston and the first Lord Brougham, he saw three revolutions in Paris, the Duke of Wellington had patted him on the head, he was in the Franco-Mexican war and at the storming of Puebla, when he came to America in war-times he met Lincoln, Seward, Jefferson Davis, Semmes, and many of the most eminent Americans North and South, he lived in Cuba when there were slaves there, he had been round the world and seen things and people in California, the Sandwich Islands, Australia, New Zealand, India, and Ceylon. He had an extraordinary acquaintance among the celebrities of his day, and viewed most of the memorable state shows of Europe from the coronation of Victoria down to the Royal Jubilee service in Westminster Abbey. If ever a man kept the run of what was going on in the world Sala did, and of course he accumulated a vast fund of information, rather superficial, but in his hands always interesting. His enormous activities and labors finally broke him down in health. He spoke of himself as long ago as 1886 as a "heart-broken, desolate old man, utterly without ambition," but after that he married a second time, and he still kept on working. He had a very modest estimate of the value of his own work, the best of which, he once said, was what had gone into the *Daily Telegraph*, and would never be seen again. That was doubtless true. His books were written for the hour, and possess slight value as literature. Still it must be felt that he lived his life and accomplished his destiny, and though, unwisely prodigal of both his money and his strength, he died an invalid and a pensioner, his career of energy and industry is far too remarkable to be dismissed with scant notice or set down as a failure.

E. S. MARTIN.

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A Request

Readers of *Harper's Weekly* will please mention the *Weekly* when answering advertisements contained therein.

Legal Notices.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE CITY RECORD, commencing on the 20th day of November, 1895, and continuing therein consecutively for nine days thereafter, of the confirmation of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following-named avenues, and street in the following wards:

Twenty-third Ward: Longwood Avenue, from Southern Boulevard to Tiffany Street. Cromwell Avenue, between Jerome and Inwood Avenues.

Twenty-fourth Ward: Cammann Street, from Harlem Terrace to Fordham Road.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.
City of New York, Finance Department,
Comptroller's Office, November 25, 1895.

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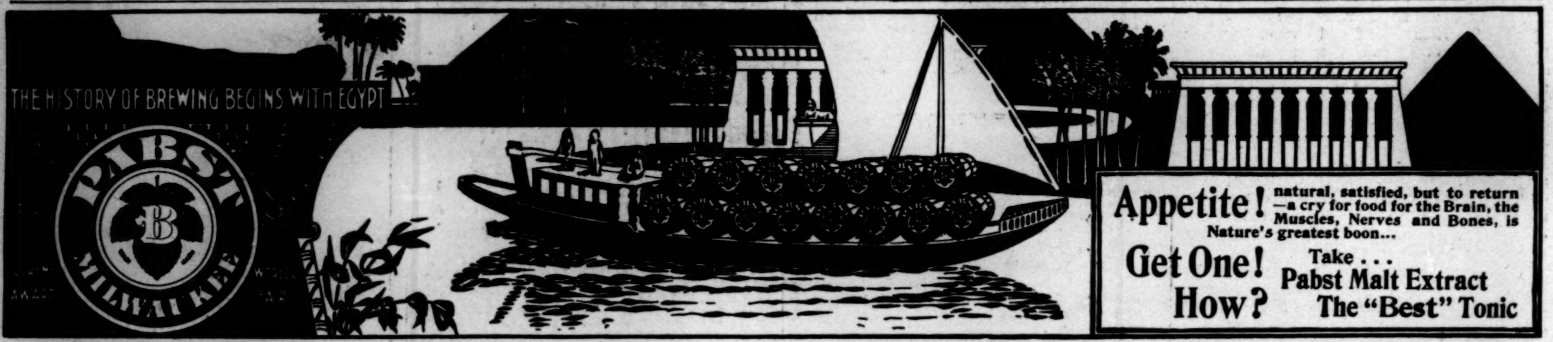
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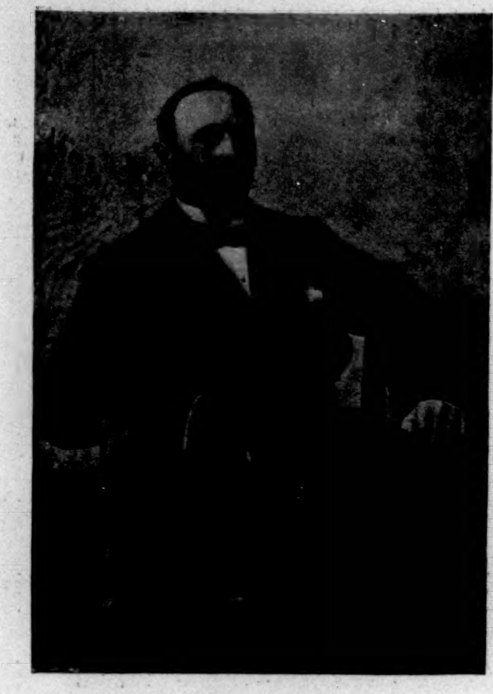

CHARLES B. MACDONALD,
Amateur Golf Champion.

AMATEUR · SPORT

Just as we are going to press, further facts have come to our knowledge in regard to the University of Minnesota. They reveal such a state of affairs that we feel bound to spare neither time nor expense in investigating them fully. This we propose to do for the sake of purity in athletics and in justice to the university itself. The result of these investigations we shall lay before our readers in a later issue.

Judging from the way in which honors have been divided at this the fag end of the golfing year, it looks as though the next meeting for the Amateur Championship would bring out a very evenly matched field, although the odds remain in favor of the present champion. Macdonald's game is far and away the steadiest and farthest developed of American players', and experience and temperament count for much. Nevertheless, the rise of a new golfing star is apt to be rapid and brilliant, and I should not be greatly surprised to see it reverse the natural order of things and come up out of the West. Golf has evidently established itself as a fixture west of the Alleghanies, and there are no fewer than four clubs in and around Chicago alone. The Chicago Golf Club, which was organized in 1893 with a membership of twenty, now has 171 names upon its list, and the "Onwentsia" (formerly the Lake Forest) Club has a membership of over 100. The Riverside and Illinois clubs are younger organizations, but they are both counting upon large accessions in the spring. And as for ability to play the game, I hear that there are at least a dozen men in the Chicago Club whose average form would entitle them to rank with the twenty-eight men who played at the Newport meeting.

In looking over the records for the season a baker's dozen of names may be selected as forming the first honor class, but it would be unfair, not to say impossible, to attempt any relative ranking. There is no question but that the champion stands at the head of the list, but so much talent has been developed since the Amateur Championship contest that the scores made at Newport cannot be regarded as final. In making up this list heavily handicapped winners of club tournaments are necessarily excluded, and also players whose occasional brilliant work has not been sufficient to offset the mediocre character of their ordinary play, and, on the other hand, it must include men like Armstrong, who have won no events, but whose general average has been well up.

My selections, putting the champion in a class by himself, would be: Stoddart, Livermore, and the Sands brothers of St. Andrews, Armstrong, Park, and Patterson of Richmond County, Lynch of Lakewood, Tyng of Morris County, Rushmore of Tuxedo, Trevor of Shinnecock, Van Etten of Knollwood, and for the thirteenth name either Phifer of Lenox, Ten Eyck of St. Andrews, or Albert Francke of Cedarhurst. The last-named has made rapid progress since he took up golf six months ago, and in winning the first club handicap at Cedarhurst he did very promising work. Rice and Henry of Brookline and Keene of Cedarhurst should also be mentioned among the runners-up, while there are several men who showed good form at the beginning of the season and then fell off, among them being Rutherfurd, de Garmendia, and Kent, of Tuxedo.

New York has been the virtual centre of golf this year both in the number of matches and tournaments and in the quality of the play. The open tournaments at Knollwood, St. Andrews, Morristown, and Lakewood have brought out large and representative fields, and afforded the fairest possible basis for comparisons. It is to be regretted that such men as Leeds and Clark among the Eastern cracks have entered so few of the open events, for club competitions cannot give a fair line upon a player's actual ability. On the whole the season's work has been interesting, and the general level is undoubtedly rising, even though no phenomenon has been developed. Perhaps this is as much as can be expected in what is virtually the first season of golf, and by the time the next amateur championship is decided we shall have more definite data upon which to go.

A BIT OF THE ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

Livermore's victory in the St. Andrews consolation tournament was a very popular one. The contest was open only to members who had not won a prize this year, and the feeling seemed to be that the St. Andrews captain deserved some recognition for his good work of the past season, as well as compensation for the several occasions upon which he had met with rather more than his share of ill luck. G. E. Armstrong, who also played from scratch, was his closest competitor, and in fact the match was in doubt up to the very last shot, Livermore winning in 89, one stroke below his opponent's score. The contest was really worth following, as both players were in top form and played the game from start to finish.

W. H. SANDS HOLING OUT AT ST. ANDREWS, NOVEMBER 28TH.

Livermore started off in good style, winning the first hole by a score of five to seven. Armstrong made the game even at the third hole, and took the lead at the sixth. Livermore tied the score again at the "oak" hole, but Armstrong finished the first round one stroke ahead. It was great golf, and still anybody's game. At the twelfth hole Livermore drove to the green and was out in three. This left Armstrong still one stroke in the lead, and it was nip and tuck for the next two holes, neither gaining any material advantage. The fifteenth hole proved to be the turning-point, Livermore winning it by four strokes to five, and taking the lead by one stroke at the "dell" hole. The last two holes were played with the utmost care, both men realizing that a mistake would probably mean the game. Four shots apiece for each hole, and the match was over, Livermore winning by one stroke. It was a good fight, and one that was an honor even to lose. The winner deserves great credit for his strong uphill game, and he had a little the best of the driving and cleek work.

A. E. Patterson, who won the championship of the Richmond County Club at the regular autumn meeting for the George Hunter medal, is a reformed cricketer, and has made rapid progress since he came out as a golfer. He is a clean, powerful driver, with a swing that is remarkable for its apparent ease and simplicity. He showed up to good advantage in the foursomes tournament at St. Andrews, Thanksgiving day, but it was hardly on the card that he should win at Richmond County against two such old hands as James Park and G. E. Armstrong. As it turned out, however, the ground was hard frozen on the day of the match, and luck was an important factor in the result. Park holds the club record with a score of 89, but the best that he could do in the match was 105. The home hole on each round proved a pitfall for his chances, and called for double figures to record it. However, he made one beautiful iron shot for this unlucky hole, playing the ball from ice and following it up by a desperate mashie shot out of a cup. The iron-stone hardness of the "green" undoubtedly kept all the scores up, and proved an especial difficulty in the approach shots, it being almost impossible to get well under the ball.

The winner was paired with Armstrong, and the latter was eight strokes behind at the end of the first round. Coming in he did much better work, but Patterson's early advantage was too great to be overcome. Hazards and cuppy lies seemed to exert a baleful fascination upon Armstrong's ball, and the frozen ground spoiled many a well-calculated shot. The best feature of Patterson's work was its steadiness, there being only one eight on his card. He also made the lowest score for any one hole, doing the eighth hole of his second round in three. This included a long uphill drive, an approach to the green, and a good putt, each shot being perfect play in its class. Patterson's victory entitles him to be counted among the dark horses of the year, and puts him well up on the list for next season.

The rapid accumulation of vested interests in club-houses and landed property by the various golf clubs is sufficient answer to the question of whether or not the game has come to stay. Shinnecock was the first club to become its own landlord, a move due to the fact that the club was offered its first purchase of eighty acres at a merely nominal price. Since then thirty acres have been added to the club's holding, and the house has been twice enlarged. The Chicago Golf Club owns two hundred acres of land some twenty miles west of the city, and proposes to spend $10,000 next season in enlarging the present quarters. The Lake Forest Club has changed its name to "Onwentsia," which is Iroquois for "Country," and has just acquired by purchase one hundred and seventy acres of land and a handsome club-house, the price paid being $75,000. The Morris County Club has issued a call for subscriptions in bonds and stock aggregating $75,000, of which $70,000 is to be expended in the purchase of the land now used for the course, and the remainder in permanent improvements. The St. Andrews Club, as already noted, is to lay out a new course, a few miles above the present location, the cost of which, together with the improvements, will run well over $100,000. And lastly, the promoters of the new club at Ardsley are quoted as being prepared to spend a quarter of a million on the course and quarters; while the club-house at Newport is probably the finest of its kind to be found anywhere.

The size of the figures just quoted means heavy expense in the way of interest charges, for no one is likely to invest good money in club property out of pure love for his fellow-members. It means that the high rate of dues is to be kept up, and that golf, as she is played in the well-known clubs, must be classed among the luxuries of life. It is true that golf, requiring as it does a large extent of ground on which to play it, is necessarily more expensive than croquet and tennis, and even outside of ground rents and interest charges the cost of keeping the course in order is by no means inconsiderable. With all that, it is an unfortunate tendency that would exploit the social side of golf at the expense of the sport itself, for it is incontestable that the game will never be developed to its fullest extent until it has become a popular one. The professional game may be trusted to take care of itself, but the general amateur average will never approximate

MACDONALD DRIVING.

to the Scottish or English standard so long as the sport is confined exclusively to the people who are blessed with long pockets, and money is spent for show rather than for golf. As usual, we Americans overdo a good thing in our efforts to outdo each other, and we are laughed at for our pains by the genuine golfer, whose motto is sport, not swagger. By all means let us have the very best golfing advantages that enthusiasm can create or money can buy, but it is neither the pattern of the club nor the lie of the ball, but the man behind them, that stands for golf.

I HAVE BEEN MOVED TO THESE REMARKS through my knowledge of a sentiment recently expressed by one of the Governing Committee of a well-known club relative to this question of club expenses. The proposition had been made to greatly increase the obligations resting upon the club, and consequently to raise the dues. On its being pointed out that the club had many members who were perfectly willing to meet their share of the legitimate running expenses, but who yet did not feel able to pay for things outside of golf, the answer was returned, "Then let them get out; *our* golf is not for poor people." Now this is the rankest, the most intolerable kind of snobbery, and as far removed on one side from genuine sportsmanship as professionalism is on the other. "Our golf" should be for the people who play the game, and the size of one's pocket-book should be the secondary and not the primary qualification. It is a pity to have a noble game spoiled by turning it into a shibboleth of snobbishness, but things will adjust themselves in time. Happily golf has a family history that is ancient and honorable enough to preserve it from ever becoming "our golf."

I MAY ADD THAT GOLF, in the land of its birth, is the most popular and democratic of sports. Of course there are private clubs, but they are probably outnumbered by the public courses, and there are even clubs for workingmen. Everybody who wishes to play golf may find a chance to do so, and such a thing as "our golf" is practically unknown. The sport is the first thing. We have made a beginning in the free course at Van Cortland Park. May it be but the beginning! If the St. Andrews people carry out the idea of making their new course semi-public they will earn the gratitude of all sportsmen, and make good their claim to the premiership of American golf.

IT HAS BEEN A STANDING GRIEVANCE all season with the scratch men at golf that winning has been a virtual impossibility on account of the long odds given to the new players. It is true that the duffers have met with exceptional encouragement, but the handicap committees may take heart of grace in the handsome records made by Lynch at Lakewood and Livermore at St. Andrews. Both men won from scratch in handsome style, and the moral seems to be that the low men have only to play their game to have at least an even chance. Lynch won the first competition for the Converse Cup in 82, the record for the course. Taking these figures in connection with Dr. Rushmore's 77 for the Tuxedo course, and James A. Tyng's 81 (made in practice) at Morristown, and it begins to look as though some real golfing talent had been developed by the season's work. If these three men continue to keep in form I shall look to see them well up in the running at Newport next autumn.

THE SCRATCH MEN IN THE OPEN HANDICAP at Knollwood had a hard time of it in playing against a field where some of the men received odds as high as thirty-six strokes. However, both G. E. Armstrong and A. L. Livermore broke the record with a score of 88 for two of the rounds. Armstrong also made a score of 36 for nine holes, beating all records. It was thoroughly good play, there being only one five on the string, and that was due to a weak putt, the ball hanging on the edge of the cup. Livermore also played strongly but lost heavily on his third round, when his ball seemed intent upon making acquaintance with every hazard on the course. His card showed 58 for that unlucky round, which of course put him out of the running, although he partially retrieved himself by doing the last round in 41. The weather was detestable so far as atmospheric conditions go, but the rain undoubtedly improved the playing qualities of the course by softening it up. It is a big handicap to a player who has been used to soft courses to play for the first time over a hard one, especially if his style is at all on the "sclaffy" order. It is one of the features of St. Andrews in Scotland that the turf is of such peculiar toughness, and the stranger to the links is apt to find it quite as much of a difficulty as the hazards.

A RECENT ARTICLE IN AN ENGLISH REVIEW vigorously opposes the introduction of golf at the great public schools, asserting that the absence of the element of personal struggle in the game has a tendency to make milksops of the boys, and puts a premium upon shirking and laziness. The writer is evidently of the old-fashioned opinion that everybody should be compelled to lie down upon the procrustean bed of compulsory football and cricket, and that if golf is made an alternative, then farewell to the race of Waterloo heroes, who took their first lessons in pluck in the scrimmages at Rugby and Eton. The argument is amusing, and perhaps susceptible of discussion, but it certainly cannot be urged against the game as a university sport. The establishment of golf clubs at Yale and Princeton is a move that is likely to be of advantage to both the game and the students themselves. As every one knows, the 'varsity field at the larger colleges is in no sense a play-ground for the general body of the students. Possibly one-third of the whole number of students play on or against the regular teams, and for the others there is nothing outside of the gymnasium and the tennis-courts. At Princeton the Brokaw Field (if it is ever finished) may in some measure supply the deficiency, but in general the fact remains that the ordinary student has little or nothing in the way of out-door exercise after the closing of the short tennis season. Golf should prove a welcome addition to the calendar of college sport, and the formation of an inter-collegiate association would undoubtedly meet with hearty support. As yet, Harvard has no college course, though a number of men play regularly at Brookline, while the University of Pennsylvania golfers use the Country Club course. An intercollegiate association would do much for the game itself, and, as a new departure in athletics, might afford a broad enough foundation for Yale and Harvard to come together again. The Oxford-Cambridge match has been a fixture for some years in England.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA-STANFORD game, before about twelve thousand spectators, resulted in a tie—6–6—the third tie since the series began in '91. It was good clean football from start to finish, and Berkeley's uphill fight after Stanford had scored in the first twenty minutes is especially worthy of praise. The teams were evenly matched, Berkeley's superior kicking being offset by the greater strength of the Stanford line, which up to the middle of the second half was almost impregnable.

On the whole, the game was the best exhibition of football yet seen on the coast. It was straight football for the most part, and, to the delight of the drenched spectators, generally open. A few mass and tandem plays, and such simple devices as sending the heavy line men back, were about the only departures from the strictly orthodox game. Stanford excelled in interference, and generally in the attack and defence of her line. Berkeley scored because she husbanded her strength in the second half, relying on kicks to tire her opponents, and making her attacks when they would be most effective. Her score was undoubtedly due largely to the offensive and defensive work of Captain Sherman, but chiefly to her full-back Ransome. The latter must have gained in all about a hundred yards, and three times was prevented from scoring only by the fine tackling of Stanford's back.

In the Stanford line the work of Fickert at guard and Spaulding at end was noticeable. Back of it Frankenheimer's lame ankle prevented him from showing his best form, but Reynolds and Cochran did much to counterbalance his weakness.

FOR BERKELEY, PLUNKETT AT GUARD put up his usual strong game, and Douglas, Rheinardt, and Hutchinson were the best of the other forwards. Hupps's retirement was detrimental to Berkeley, for he has proved a strong back.

Considering the wet ball and slippery ground there was remarkably little fumbling, the chief weakness of both teams appearing in their manner of handling the kicks. They were almost invariably slow to advance the ball or to take it from a runner.

In the matter of general team-play there was something to be desired; but, all things considered, the work was decidedly creditable in this respect.

Only one instance of slugging marred the cleanness of the game, and Hiborn, the culprit, was promptly ruled off.

It was unfortunate for Berkeley that two of her best men, Simpson and Hall, had been barred out by the rule prohibiting special students from competing in athletics who have not ten hours' work to their credit; but it is still more unfortunate for Stanford's reputation for sportsmanship that she did not insist upon obedience to the rule until her own best centre, Gaston, who came under it, had been disabled in practice. But Berkeley has much the better of the argument, and it would be certainly more harmonious with the best sportsmanship for both sides to have lived up to the rule as long as it existed.

I HAVE LEARNED that the athletic appropriation of the New York Athletic Club is $25,000 instead of "$30 to $40,000," of which $12,000 goes to salaries of trainers, instructors, etc., the rest for competitive athletics, games, etc.

NOW THAT THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON of 1895 is over and its records a matter of history, the ranking of the leading players of the country is in order. While only one new tennis star of the first magnitude has been developed, a host of strong second-class men have appeared, and the gap between them and the leaders grown smaller than ever. Of last year's honor men, six remain in the first ten this autumn, while the new-comers are Howland, Neel, Fischer, and Millett—three New-Yorkers and a Chicago man. The first ten, judged on their year's work, seem, unquestionably—1, Hovey; 2, Larned; 3, Wrenn; 4, Howland; 5, C. B. Neel; 6, Chace; 7, Stevens; 8, Foote; 9, Fischer; 10, Millett. Hovey played the game of his life at Newport when he won the championship with the loss of only one set, while both Wrenn and Larned were distinctly below best form in their matches against the champion of '95. Had Larned played against Hovey as he did against Howland, the result might have been different, but nerve and head and form are important factors of the game; skill, with none of these or with only a part, is not effective. There can be no doubt, however, of Hovey's right to first place, nor of Larned's claim to preference over Wrenn for the second position. Wrenn, Howland, Neel, and Chace are approximately even, and all one-quarter fifteen below the leaders. Neither Stevens nor Foote should be classed with those above them, for each won only one match from any of the other six during the season, while Foote was beaten eight times and Stevens five by those above them. The latter also beat Foote twice, and of course takes precedence.

WITH THESE TEN comes an end to the first class, for only eight of them are strictly so. The list of second-class men, however, contains the names of many promising young players, more than two of whom, it is safe to say, will be among the first ten next fall. Fischer, Millett, Budlong, Ware, Paret, Lee, Sands, Post, G. L. Wrenn, Jun., Davidson, Talmage, and Terry follow in about this order and make a second list of ten. Of these men, Paret is the only one to have scored a victory over any of the first-class players, and he won from Foote at Tuxedo, and from Stevens at Narragansett Pier. Fischer had more chances to distinguish himself than any of the others, but lost ten straight matches to the first-class men, only once playing close with any of them, when he was within a stroke of beating Neel at Buffalo. Budlong was the biggest disappointment of the season, for he did not win a single match of importance, and after being beaten twice by poor men, ended the season by losing to Foote, with the remarkable score of 6–0, 6–0.

OF THOSE NOT RANKED, Hobart, Campbell, F. K. Ward, and M. D. Whitman are all good enough to be classed with those who are, yet their absence from the championship meeting at Newport makes their standing too doubtful to be considered. Hobart, once among the most brilliant players in the country, seems to have joined the retired list, which includes the Hall and Sears brothers, Taylor, Campbell, and Slocum. Hobart played one brilliant match at West Newton last spring when he won from Pim, the, at that time, British singles champion, and was then promptly beaten by "all hands and the cook." At Newport he was very weak in the doubles, and will probably retire next season after defending the New York State championship, the only challenge cup he still holds. Campbell and Slocum played at Newport in practice during the tournament, but both seemed outclassed by the cracks of to-day. The former is unquestionably stronger than the latter, and might return to championship form again with a season's training. The Hall brothers were both beaten at Bar Harbor for the Mossley Hall challenge cup by H. A. Colby, a second-rater. In Ward and Whitman we have two youngsters that should reach the first ten next season with a little practice and experience. Both beat Fischer this season, and both beat Paret.

INDIVIDUAL FORM COUNTS FOR LESS in doubles than in singles, and team-work is so considerable a factor of the play that it seems fair to rank the experts with particular partners, rather than as individuals. On such a plan the leading combinations of the country appear to be—1, Chace and Wrenn; 2, Howland and Foote; 3, Hobart and Hovey; 4, Hobart and Millett; 5, Chace and Foote; 6, Hobart and Fischer; 7, Neel and Neel; 8, Fischer and Parker; 9, Howland and Larned; 10, Budlong and Talmage; 11, Larned and Foote; 12, Fischer and Paret; 13, Larned and Talmage; 14, Ware and Scudder; 15, Paret and Thurber. There can be little doubt but that the Neel brothers, the Western champions, are an overrated pair, for the younger is far below the form of the other players in the strongest teams. It is even open to question whether one or two of the teams ranked below them on record are not their superiors in reality. Hobart and Hovey played only two matches together this year, and one, their defence of the U. S. championship at Newport, which they lost to Chace and Wrenn, was as disappointing as the other, their victory over Pim and Mahoney, was brilliant. Several other teams could have beaten the game they put up in defence of the championship, but their showing against the Irishmen in the spring was as fine double tennis as ever seen in America, and gives them the preference over Chace and Foote.

TO CORRECTLY ESTIMATE A PLAYER'S ABILITY in doubles we must consider him in each combination. Hobart, Fischer, Foote, and Larned each played with three different partners; Howland, Chace, Talmage, and Paret are each in two of the combinations, while the others played with only one partner. One tests his actual ability more thoroughly against different players than by performing with the same one continuously. Individually considered, I should place Howland at the head of the list of doubles players, with Chace, C. B. Neel, and Hobart close to him. These four experts are undoubtedly the strongest players in doubles of whom America can boast. Wrenn, Hovey, Fischer, Foote, Larned, and Millett complete a list of the "upper ten," in the order named. Hobart's work, in many respects, was the most consistently good, though he lacks one of the strongest attributes of modern championship play—*i. e.*, the skill to lob well. One cannot overestimate the value of this stroke in doubles, and the superiority of Howland and Chace lies in their ability to both lob and smash well. The fast low-driving game of only a few years ago is rapidly falling before just such a combination of lobbing and smashing as was so cleverly shown by both the champion pair and Howland and Foote at Narragansett and Newport. The attempt to play a fast low-driving game is what cost Hobart and Hovey the championship this year. It is significant in this connection that Larned, so brilliant in singles, is so poor in doubles, which is explained by his utter inability to lob.

AMONG THE WOMEN PLAYERS the big matches this season have been confined to the same experts who showed most prominently last year. The apparent equality of all three of the leaders, Miss Atkinson, Miss Hellwig, and Miss Moore, was noticeable, however. The play shown by the champion at Philadelphia last spring, when she captured the championship from her clubmate, I venture to say, has never been equalled in this country, though her work fell off later in the season. Miss Atkinson is the most brilliant player we have ever seen on this side of the Atlantic, but the head-work and remarkable steadiness of Miss Hellwig, and the fast strokes of Miss Moore, are both liable to wreck her game if she encounters them when a trifle out of form. Two defeats by the ex-champion this autumn may have suggested to Miss Atkinson that conscientious hard practice is needful to a succesful defence of her title next year. It is hardly worth while to establish a ranking, for these three, with Mrs. Toulmin, outclass all the others by too much. Rumor has it that Miss Cahill, the ex-champion, will play again next season, and that Mrs. Hillyard, one of England's most expert woman players, will visit America to play.

IT IS WITH GREAT PLEASURE we give an excerpt from the annual report of President Schurman, of Cornell:

> "It may be reasonably doubted whether inter-collegiate athletics in the United States have of late years been, in general, moderate or healthy or innocent. It has already been stated that schemes of money-making mingle with inter-collegiate football, which has been attended with other evils also. But the canker of all inter-collegiate athletics to-day is the fierce desire to win, which is eating the heart out of the genuine sportsman's love of sport for sport's sake, irrespective altogether of the prize of victory. The concomitant of this blight is not far to seek. The sports and recreations of amateurs tend to become the business of professionals, and the work is henceforth controlled not by the honor of the sportsman, but by another code, borrowed from the school of professionalism. It is hoped that the action already taken by the Cornell faculty, combined with the efforts of the Cornell Athletic Association, will save Cornell athletics from this deterioration, of which every college may to-day be justly apprehensive. As inter-collegiate athletics are to be tolerated only when they do not interfere with the work of students, or do not distract institutions of learning from the purpose of their existence, so, furthermore, they must not be encouraged, they should be forbidden, unless players and managers recognize that, far above records and victories, higher than sports, higher even than physical culture, are self-respect and courtesy to others, good manners and morals, and that generous manliness which is the spirit of the amateur and the conscience of the sportsman. Nothing would so certainly contribute to this result, nothing therefore could be so advantageous to athletics in the colleges, as the thorough learning of the lesson, and taking the lesson to heart, that the true end of sport is not victory, but the thrill of honorably contending for it."

May these sentiments, which breathe the essence of sport for sport's sake, sink into the heart of every faculty member and every college man in America!

The all-American football eleven of '95 will be published next issue..

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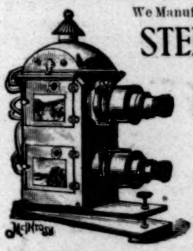

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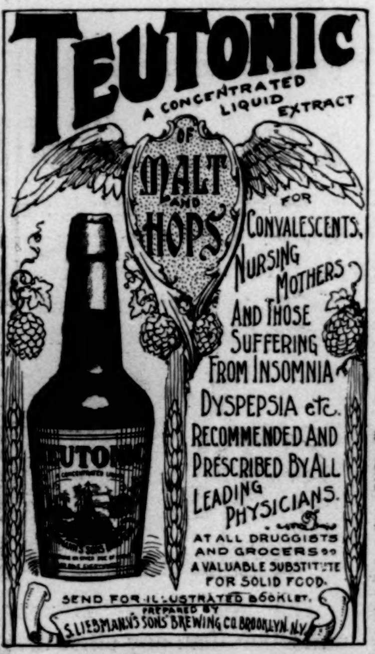

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